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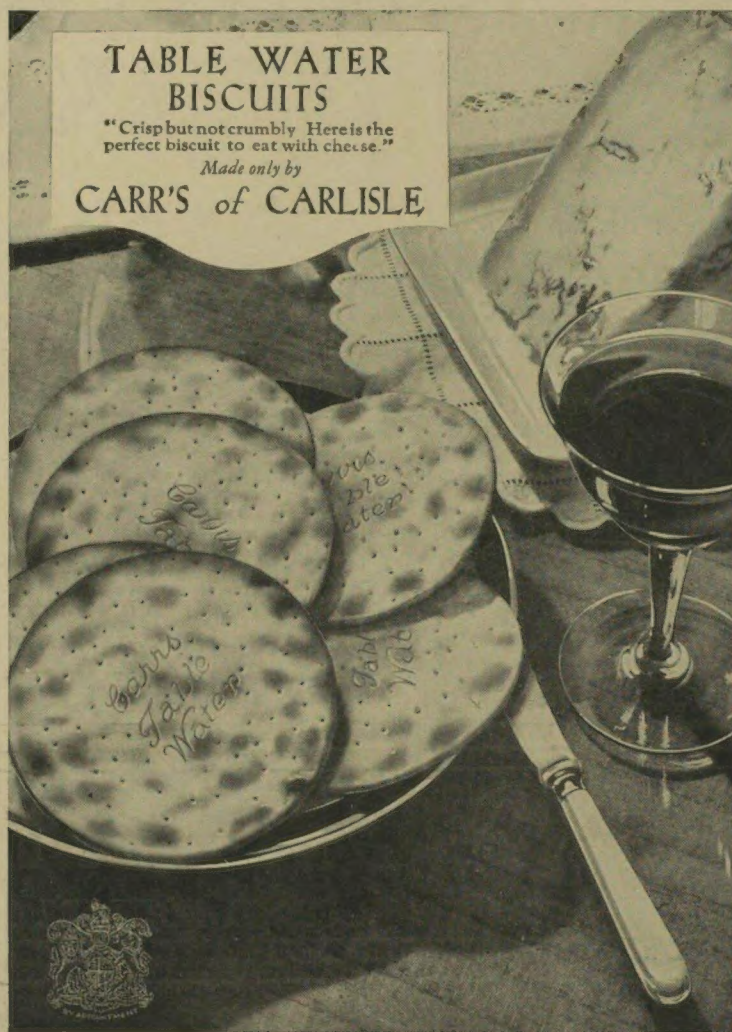
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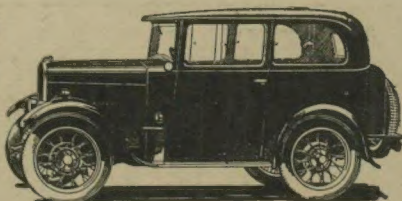
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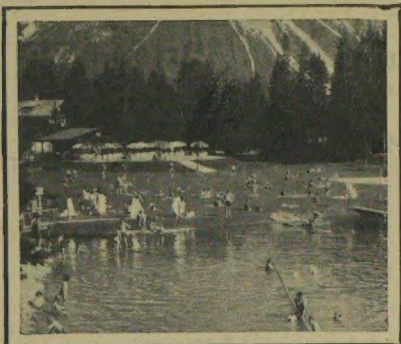
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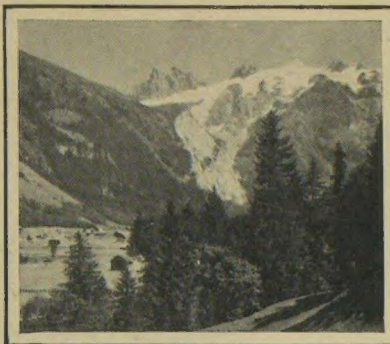
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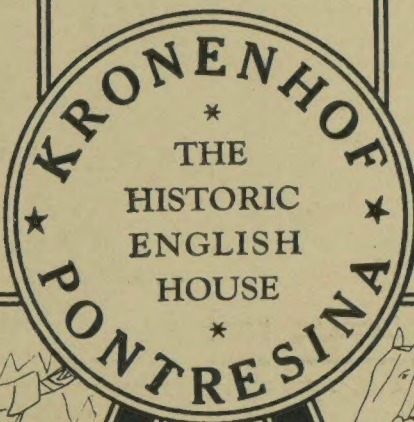
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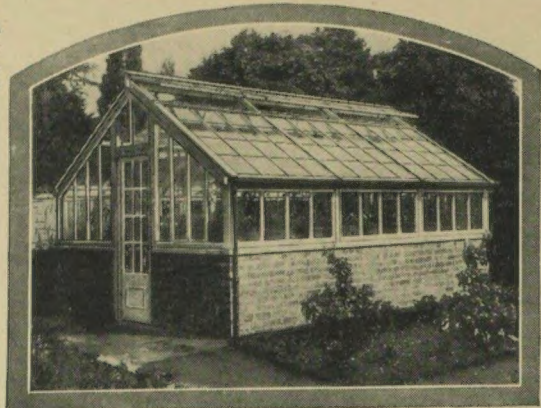
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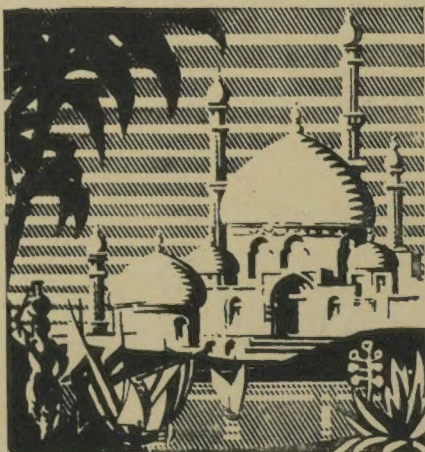
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By Gluyas Williams



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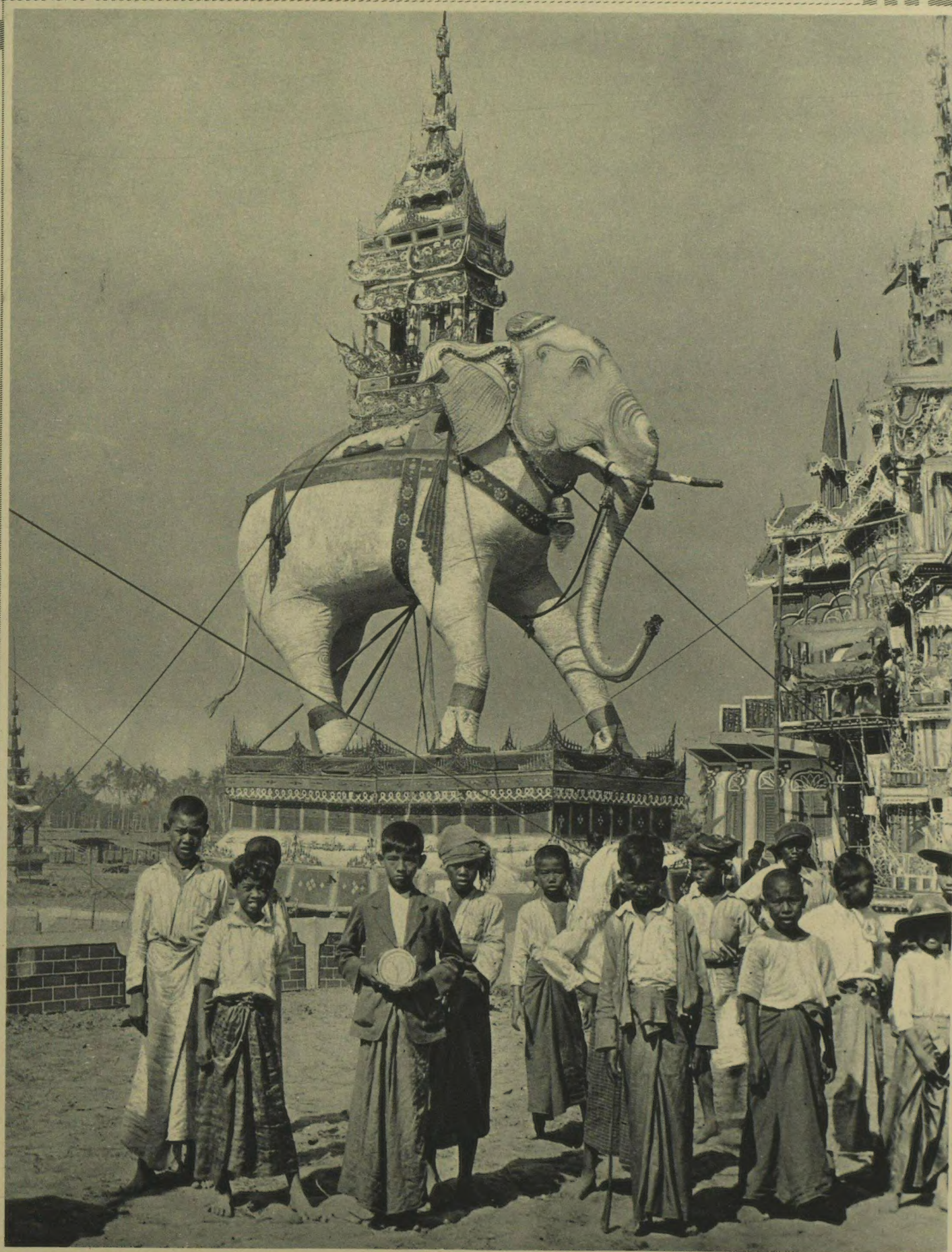
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SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1930.

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FUNERAL POMP IN EARTHQUAKE-STRICKEN BURMAH: A HUGE "ELEPHANT" CAR, WITH AN ORNATE HOWDAH, TO CARRY A MONK'S COFFIN.

Funeral rites in Burmah are unfortunately topical by reason of the disastrous earthquake at Pegu and Rangoon. Not all Burmese funerals, however, are as ornate and elaborate as that in which the coffin was carried in procession in the pagoda like howdah on the back of this colossal elephant mounted on a decorated

car. The occasion was a festival known as a *Hpongyi Byan*—the obsequies of a celebrated monk (*Hpongyi*), which lasted for eight days, and for which beautiful wooden buildings were erected only to be burnt. The scene is described in the article given on page 870 in this number, faced by a page of further illustrations.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. H. BYRON.

A HPONGYI BYAN IN BURMAH:

MAGNIFICENT FUNERAL RITES FOR A BUDDHIST MONK IN A LAND WHERE FAMOUS SHRINES HAVE LATELY BEEN DAMAGED BY EARTHQUAKE.

By M. L. BYRON. (See Illustrations opposite and on the Front Page of this Number.)



FIG. 1. "THE ROCKET SENDS BACK A JET OF BLACK SMOKE AS IT GATHERS SPEED ALONG THE ROPE": THE MISSILE ON ITS WAY TO SET FIRE TO THE CENTRAL AND LARGEST PYATHAT, OR PAGODA-LIKE BUILDING.

"*Loo thay dè, Hpongyi byan daw moo dè,*" is a common Burmese phrase which, translated, means, "Men die, but a Hpongyi returns (? to Nirvana)." There his spirit rises to the seventh or highest heaven of the Nats, or retires to the meditative state of Zahn. Hence, when a death takes place in a monastery, the body of the Hpongyi is burnt and the ashes buried in the monastery grounds as near to a pagoda as possible. If the dead Hpongyi be celebrated for his ascetic life, and has spent more than twenty Lents as a monk, he is burnt with great pomp and ceremony, the festival being known as a *Hpongyi Byan*.

No Hpongyi may be burnt during the Buddhist Lent. If a monk dies between the full moon of July and the full moon of October, the duration of the Lenten Season, his body, after the intestines have been removed, is embalmed in wood-oil and honey and lies in state on a raised dais within a temporary edifice for several months—it may be, even for a year. During this period funds are collected for the great ceremony from the deceased's pupils, who may be scattered all over the country, with the object of making the last rites as full of splendour as possible.

At length, when the Lenten Season is over and sufficient funds have been collected, a large open space close to the town is selected, and on it enormous Pyathats and Mandats are erected. The result is a miniature city of gaily coloured and gilded buildings of such palatial proportions as to belie their temporary nature. Crowds of people flock in from all parts of Burmah for the seven or eight days' ceremony. Rich merchants, who at some time or another have been lay pupils of the deceased Hpongyi, vie with each other in the erection of these Pyathats and Mandats. They subscribe generously to the funds collected in their quarter or district, and bring, at their own expense, several of the dead man's one-time pupils who have become disciples or Hpongyis, to help in the funeral rites.

The Pyathats (Fig. 4, opposite page) are huge buildings from forty to fifty feet high, constructed of bamboo framework richly decorated with coloured paper and embellished with streamers of gold-and-silver tinsel. Pictures, depicting important events in the life of Gautama Buddha, which have been painted by the artists from the district responsible for the building, cover the lower platforms of these Pyathats, which, in many cases, are built to represent richly ornamented mansions. Each Pyathat, with its seven roofs, is topped with a smaller apartment, also decorated with seven smaller roofs, built to resemble the *Hlé*, or golden umbrella, that crowns every pagoda. In this apartment is placed a raised dais on which the coffin containing the corpse is allowed to rest for a certain time through the duration of the festival. Every sacred building or monastery in the country is built with seven roofs, which are emblematic of the seven heavens that have to be climbed in after-life before the soul can reach Nirvana, the highest heaven of all.

The Mandats (Fig. 5) are more like Zayats, or Burmese rest-houses, and are adorned with silken curtains, tinsel, velvet carpets, and embroidery of Oriental design. These buildings are erected for the purpose of housing the disciples and lay pupils of the dead monk, who have come from great distances to pay their last respects, and are open to all who care to enter for rest or meditation. They are usually built at the expense of the more wealthy *lugyis*, or elders, of the several quarters or districts represented, and contain a cot or large cradle more or less elaborately decorated. During the procession of the sacred coffin, each cot or cradle has the honour of bearing the sacred remains for at least ten minutes during some time of the

eight days' ceremony. One part of these Mandats is always curtained off and set aside for the sole use of those Hpongyis who have accompanied the laymen and are fed by the wives of the laymen, who also offer hospitality to all who enter their Mandats from the early hours of the morning to long past the midnight hour.

Pwé troupes are engaged to entertain the guests, and music, dance, and song contribute to the tumult. Every day of the festival is devoted to feasting and amusement—bullock-cart and horse-racing by day, and *Pwés* by night. Food-stalls abound everywhere, and no one goes hungry. Gaily decorated effigies of elephants with their howdahs (see front page), tigers, beloes, hinhats, peacocks, and so on, of exaggerated proportions, are mounted on carts. Some of these are utilised for bearing the sacred coffin in procession, and in this case strong ropes are attached to each end of the cart and crowds of able-bodied men engage in an uproarious tug-of-war for the privilege of parading it through the streets of the town. The excitement now knows no bounds, and the struggle lasts until the victors succeed in wrenching it away from the vanquished and proudly draw it on its regal way, accompanied by several bands and professional dancers. The Burmese believe that great merit, or *kutho*, is obtained by all who take part in drawing or carrying the sacred coffin from one Pyathat, Mandat, or cart to another. Occasionally the men stand aside and allow the women to have a turn at obtaining merit in the same way, and great struggles ensue between the women from the various quarters of the town for the privilege of removing the sacred coffin from one building or cart to another, or *vice versa*.

On the last day of the festival the gilded coffin containing the corpse is taken to the funeral pyre to be burnt. The coffin is placed on an iron grating over the pyre, and Hpongyis and laymen stand ready to assist in feeding the flames when the fire is lighted. The pyre is also decorated with gold-and-silver tinsel, silks, and white calico and palm and plantain leaves. In the case of a Hpongyi of high standing the fuel used is sandal-wood, and the burning of this fills the whole structure with a scented mist which is not unpleasant. At last the signal is given, and the funeral pyre is set alight (Fig. 3). The flames gather in fierceness, and soon nothing is left of the decorations. The coffin, with its sacred contents, is gradually reduced to cinders. When the embers have cooled, the disciples reverently gather up the charred bones of the monk. These are carefully interred in a pagoda close to the deceased monk's monastery.

If the Hpongyi should have been noted for his great piety and virtue, the bones are sometimes bought by one of his wealthy pupils, who buries them and erects a pagoda over their burial-place. A person who performs this—the greatest work of merit it is possible for a Buddhist to perform—is known as a *Paya Taga*. Occasionally the bones are ground into powder, mixed with *Thi' See*, or wood-oil, and moulded into an image of Buddha, which is daintily gilded with gold-leaf and then presented to the dead Hpongyi's monastery, where it is placed among the other images on their sacred altar. This also is a work of merit, or *Kaung-hmu*, of which any Buddhist has reason to be proud.

While the burning of the funeral pyre is proceeding, preparations are being made to fire the Pyathats, and

The rockets are suspended from these ropes, and the fun begins. The rockets are fired by means of a long taper, and, if the local rocket-maker has used good materials and knows his craft, the rocket shoots along the rope (Fig. 1) and strikes the Pyathat with a resounding crack. As each rocket plunges into this edifice of paper and bamboo the crowd cheers itself hoarse, and men jump around and fling themselves on the ground in their excitement. A rocket which splutters and stops half-way up the rope brings jeers of derision on the unfortunate man who made it. Such rockets are quickly cut away from the rope to allow the more successful ones to take their course.

These rockets are wonderfully made. Large bamboos, measuring as much as four or five feet in length, are hollowed out, filled with gunpowder, and bound round with bamboo straps. They are usually painted and



FIG. 2. EMPLOYED TO SET CEREMONIAL STRUCTURES IN FLAMES AT A MONK'S FUNERAL: A BURMESE PYROTECHNIST WITH HIS DECORATED ROCKET.

The rocket, made of hollow bamboo filled with gunpowder, is painted and decorated with an animal figure. It is here seen attached to the rope along which it is fired into the structure to be burnt.

mounted with cardboard or metal cut-outs representing various animals (Fig. 2), fabulous beasts such as beloes and nagas being the favourites. The pyrotechnists are exceedingly proud of their work, and great rivalry exists as to whose rocket will have the honour of first firing the Pyathat. "Surely this one will light the Pyathat," shouts one part of the crowd. "It is larger and better than any of the rockets on the other side. It is the largest rocket we have ever seen! See the dragon with the tongue of fire!" The rocket is lighted and sends back a jet of black smoke as it gathers speed along the rope (Fig. 1).

"There it goes! Oh, Mother! It stops! No! No! It moves again! Lo! It is going faster. How fast!" and with a crash the rocket hurls itself into the framework and explodes in a destructive bang. Flames spurt out, licking the tinsel and gold-leaf, the paper and silken trappings, until the tall spires totter and fall in and set light to the base of the structure. Sometimes the flames spread until the once-gaudy city is a heap of charred bamboo and ashes. As the last Pyathat tumbles in, the excitement grows intense. The crowd shouts, screams, dances, and sings, while the bands from the several *Pwé* parties beat a cacophony of sound which does not succeed in drowning the shouts of the excited populace.

After a time the excitement dies down and the crowd disperses. Families prepare for their journey back to their village homes. Little boys may be seen searching in the debris for some dragon's head or other decoration which may have escaped the flames. Songs are sung on the long journey home, and, finally, as the golden sun sinks into the parched rice-fields, the stillness of perfect peace rests upon the once-gaudy and hilarious scene—now blackened as by the hand of Death.

"*Loo thay dè, Hpongyi byan daw moo dè.*"

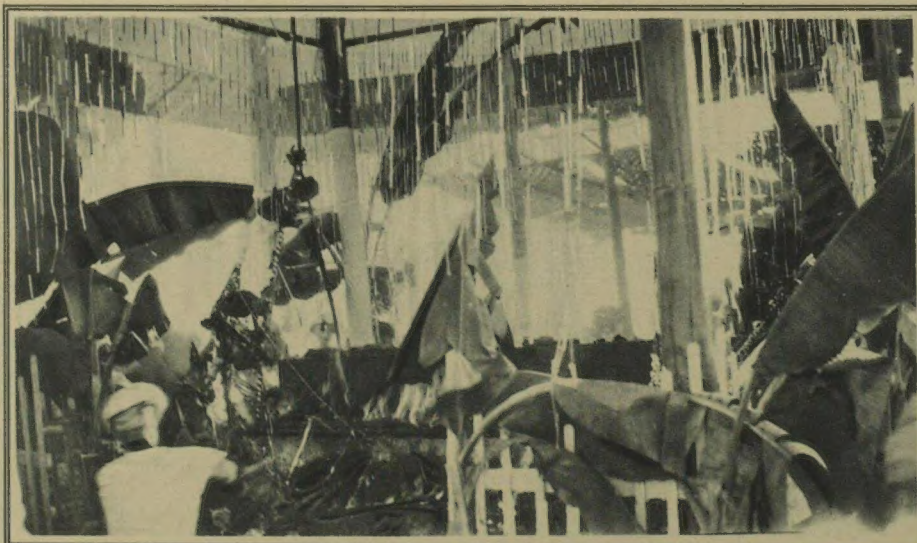


FIG. 3. THE CLIMAX OF A BURMESE MONK'S FUNERAL: THE LIGHTING OF THE PYRE—THE COFFIN CHARRED AND BLACKENED BY THE FLAMES OF SCENTED WOOD BENEATH.

here the livelier element of the crowd is to be found. The highest and most elaborate Pyathat (Fig. 1), rising to a height of nearly a hundred feet, and built in the centre of this city of bamboo and paper structures, is fired first. The most exciting part of the festival now takes place. The fireworks and rockets are brought forth. Strong ropes, sometimes made of wire and a hundred yards long, are fixed from the Pyathat to different parts of the ground.

IN EARTHQUAKE-STRICKEN BURMAH: SPLENDOURS FOR A FUNERAL FIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. H. BYRON. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE AND ILLUSTRATION ON FRONT PAGE.)

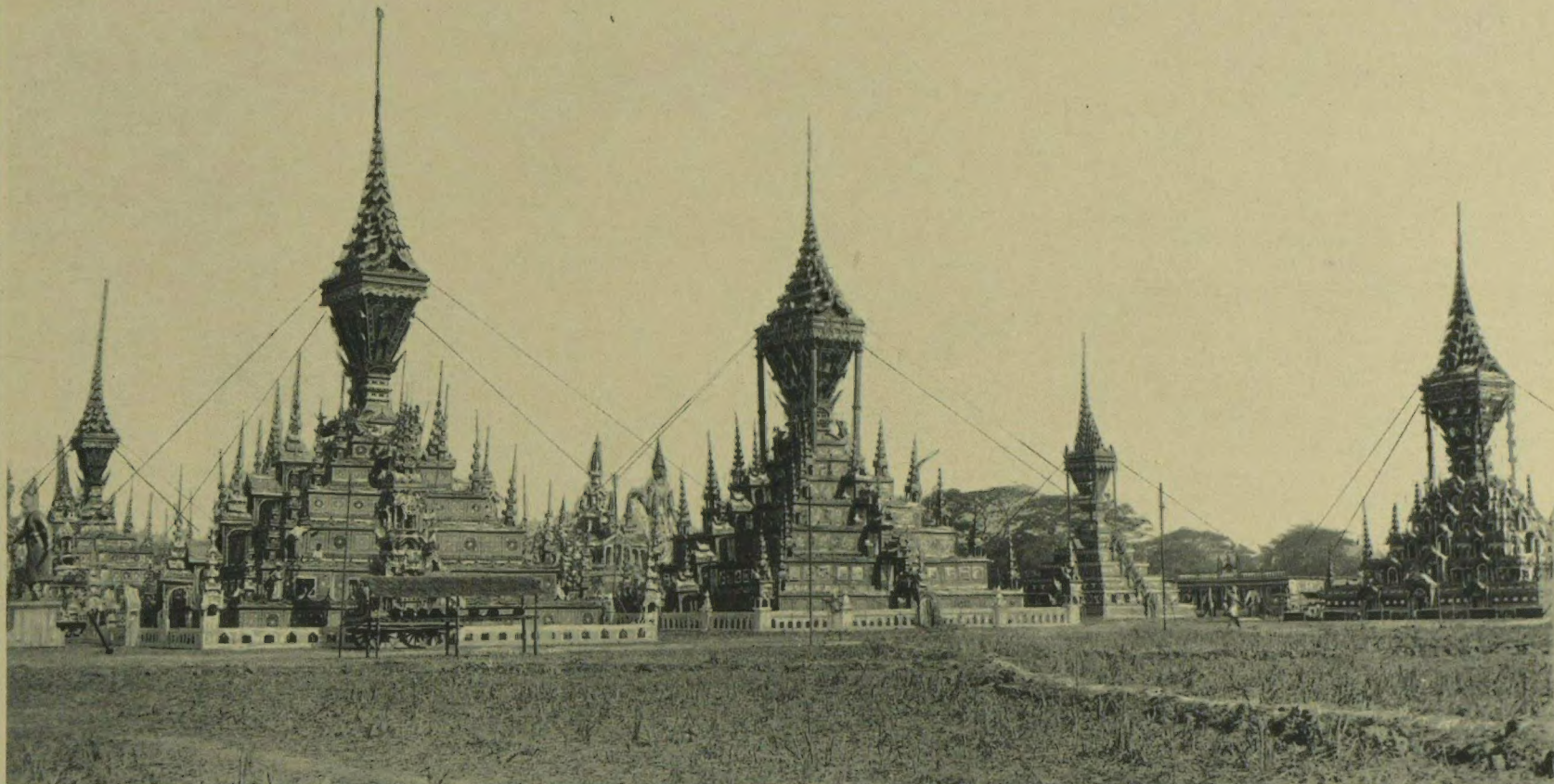


FIG. 4. BUILT ONLY TO BE BURNT: A GROUP OF PYATHATS ERECTED FOR THE FUNERAL OF A BURMESE HPONGYI (MONK)—LOFTY BAMBOO STRUCTURES OF ELABORATE DESIGN, RICHLY DECORATED WITH COLOURED PAPER, TINSEL, AND PICTURES OF SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF BUDDHA.



FIG. 5. WHERE THE DEAD MONK'S DISCIPLES ARE HOUSED DURING THE EIGHT DAYS OF HIS FUNERAL CEREMONIES: ONE OF THE MANDATS, OR BURMESE REST-HOUSES, BUILT FOR THE OCCASION, AND EACH CONTAINING A "CRADLE" ON WHICH THE SACRED COFFIN RESTS FOR A SHORT TIME DURING THE PROCESSION.

The fact that, in the recent earthquake which devastated part of Burmah, damage was done to some of the most famous Buddhist shrines in the country, lends particular interest to the subject of the above illustrations and the article on the opposite page describing the occasion—a Burmese festival at the obsequies of a celebrated Buddhist monk. The upper photograph on this page shows a group of *Pyathats*, sacred pagoda-like structures gorgeously decorated, which were built for the sole purpose of the *Hpongyi Byan* (as the ceremony is called) and were burnt to cinders at the end of the eight-days' festival. They were set on fire, as shown

on the opposite page, by means of rockets, which were sped along the wire ropes faintly discernible in the above photograph. The scene before their destruction resembled a miniature city of Burmese palaces, much too beautiful for such a fate. The lower illustration here shows a *Mandat*, or Rest House, erected by lay pupils of the dead monk to accommodate themselves, and his disciples whom they bring with them, for the period of the ceremonies. At the funeral of a monk of high standing, his former pupils assemble from all parts. Occupants of the *mandats* keep "open house" during the festival, with typical Burmese hospitality.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE recent decay of thought may be due to the general notion of merely going forward; whereas all thinking is thinking backwards. A man who really wears boots, without knowing why, will be easily persuaded that they can become seven-leagued boots by being made longer or larger or looser or different in any arbitrary direction. A fashionable person in the fifteenth century may end up by having shoes so long that they can be turned back and tied to his waist by a chain. A fashionable person in the twentieth century may end up in shoes with such high heels that he (or, rather, she) practically cannot walk at all. A fashionable person in the twenty-first century, for all I know, may carry the same tendency so far as to walk on stilts, or to be unable to walk without stilts. But all this arises out of neglecting the sacred duty of Thinking About Boots.

The moment you really think about boots, you think backwards about boots; you walk backwards in your moral and philosophical boots till you find the ancient archetypal boot-shop from which all boots have come. In other words, you wonder about boots; you gaze in a trance of mystification at the strange objects in which your legs terminate; you whisper the faint and almost weird question, "Why Boots?" By which I do not mean in the least that you necessarily abandon boots. You may indeed, if you are lucky, become a bare-footed friar; you may, if you are unlucky, become a vegetarian wearing sandals. But it is much more probable that you will put on your shoes as usual; only you will know what you are doing and why you are doing it. This is what we call Thought; and shallow people always call it retrogression.

It is now universally recognised, among the same sort of people, that anybody who believes in things called creeds and dogmas is a worm. But there has been considerable consternation of late, because the worm has begun to turn. Now, the worm can turn because it is a living thing. A dead thing, working like a rod or running on a rail, can only go forward; it is limited to one movement and is therefore Progressive. But worms, though limited to few movements, are not limited to one movement. They have the power to turn—that is, the power to return; even to return on themselves, which is the sign of life and the beginning of thought. And a particular example of this can be found in the case I mention; the case of the religious worm beginning to turn when about ten thousand mechanical and monotonous and precisely similar railway-trains of dull materialism have gone over him. It is generally recognised that it is very rude of the worm to make any remark about the railway-

train; for creeds only exist to be crushed, just as mechanical forces only exist to go forward, because they cannot do anything else.

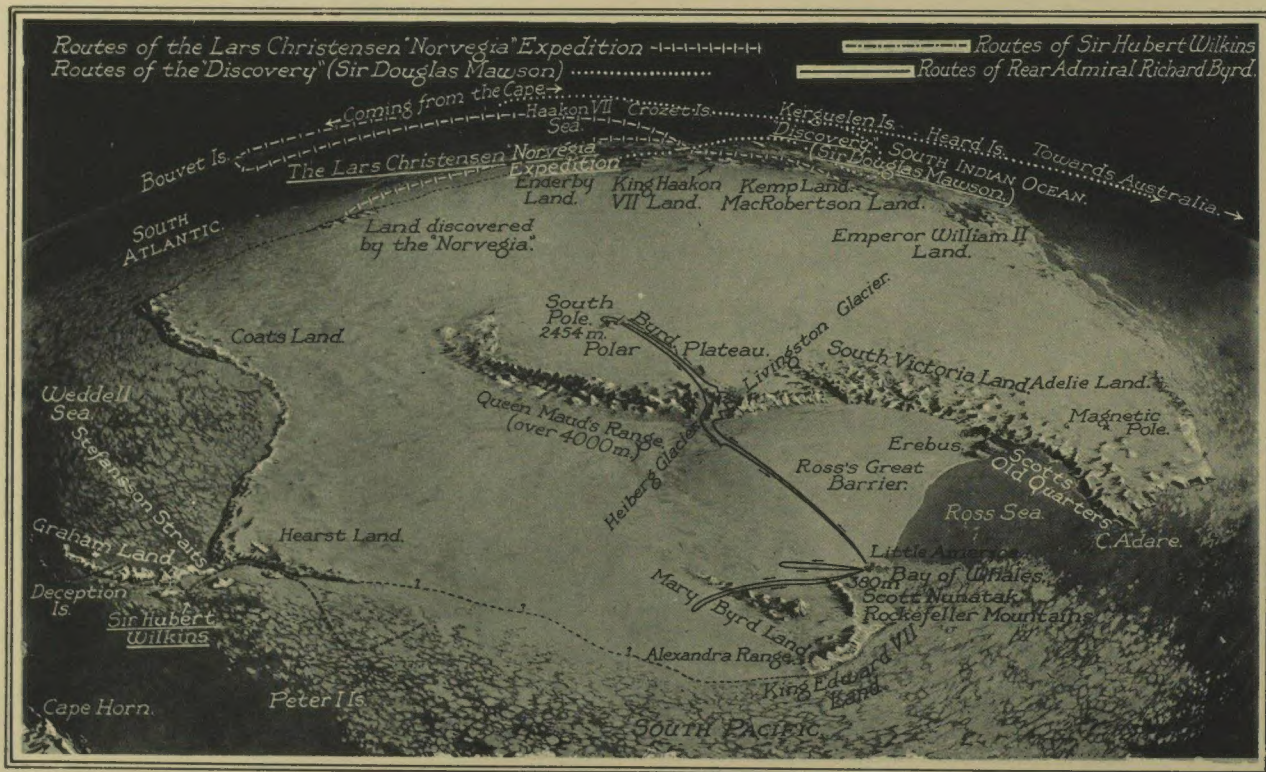
I would mention, being myself a worm, one particular piece of mechanical repetition or rotation, against which worms are turning with something like a general movement just now. How much longer are we expected to put up with people who have no arguments whatever, beyond the assertion that religion requires them to believe "what no intelligent man can accept," or "what thinking people can no longer regard as rational"? Everybody, of course, regards his own belief or unbelief as rational. But why should they begin (and end) the whole argument by saying that nobody on the other side is rational, or can even be an animal endowed with reason? We do not apply this question-begging quackery to any other question that is debated between different schools of opinion. I

on which he lives, he must know that there are thousands of thinking people who accept the same dogmas, or some other dogmas equally dogmatic. Yet he goes on repeating this phrase with a monotony as maddening as that of dripping water. I have just been reading an article by an old Fleet Street Free-Thinker, of all things on earth, on the need of a New Religion: a notion of which any true Fleet Street Free-Thinker ought to be abjectly ashamed. But the whole of his article on the New Religion consists of a repetition of the old remark; often not even of the old remark in his own words, but in a series of seedy quotations from old and bewildered parsons. The Rural Dean of Rumblebury thinks that religion should no longer impose dogmas that no intelligent man can believe. The Archdeacon of Muddleton-in-the-Marsh hopes that Christianity may be restated in a form that the human intellect can entertain. There may be a certain number of the mild and moon-

struck Modernist clerics, but I imagine that most clerics have rather more sensible reasons for wearing clerical clothes and performing clerical duties. Both are entitled to their opinions, but why should the first sort of man talk as if his opponents could not form any opinions?

As a matter of fact, I think I know what they mean. They cannot say what they mean, and therefore they do not mean what they say; but that is because they will not think backwards or return on their own thoughts. If they would ask themselves where this notion of theirs really comes from, even in their own minds, they might begin to define what it really is that puzzles and checks them. What they really mean when they say, "It is impossible for an intelligent man to accept the

miraculous element in this creed," is something that might be stated thus: "It is impossible for an intelligent man holding the Monist philosophy (as I do) to accept any sort of miracle." That may be true enough so far as it goes. But it does not go very far towards proving that it is impossible for an intelligent man to deny the Monist philosophy. This is no place for examining that philosophy or the alternative philosophy; I am merely complaining of people who seem so incredibly ignorant as not to know that there is an alternative philosophy. It is merely as a matter of the manners of debate, of the mere etiquette of ethical or theological disputation, that I suggest the abandonment of this stale and stupid and very ill-mannered argument. All arguments may tend to heat and personalities, especially towards the end; nor do I complain of that, if they arise spontaneously in spirited and convinced controversialists. But what are we to say of the superior philosophical sceptic, who can only begin the controversy by calling the other controversialist a fool, and in the same moment end the controversy because he need not controvert with fools?



THE EXPLORATION OF THE ANTARCTIC FROM THE AIR: A PICTORIAL MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE BYRD, WILKINS, MAWSON, AND "NORVEGIA" EXPEDITIONS DURING THE SOUTHERN SUMMER, 1929-1930.

This pictorial map, which, it need hardly be pointed out, does not profess to be true to scale, is designed to show the theatres of operation of the four aerial Antarctic expeditions exploring during the southern summer of 1929-1930, and to indicate the chief discoveries. The line against which there are interrogation marks calls attention to that area of Antarctica which is unknown. Photographs of the Byrd Expedition, additions to the

many we have published from time to time, are reproduced on pages 874-875.

Drawn by Lucien Rudaux from Material supplied by Charles Rabot. (Copyright.)

should not dream of saying that either Free Trade or Protection demanded the acceptance of something that no intellectual man can accept. I know it is not so *a priori*, and I know it is not so in fact. I know that Mr. Harold Cox is not an idiot. I also know that Mr. Amery is not an idiot. I know that there are reasons alleged on the one side and reasons alleged on the other; and that the question of which are the more reasonable is not, in fact, self-evident, or finally settled even among men quite capable of reasoning. I cannot, for the life of me, understand why this should not be equally established touching the relation of reason and religion.

The man who says twenty times a day, or writes in ten different newspapers, always in the same words, that intelligent people can no longer accept the Creed, has quite as little basis either in theory or experience. He not only does not know why it should be so, but he does in fact know that it is not so. He knows that Mr. Belloc and Father Knox are not idiots, just as well as I know that Mr. Cox and Mr. Amery are not idiots. If he knows anything of Europe or the earth

THE NEW POET LAUREATE: A MODERN SINGER "IN DIVERS TONES."

FROM THE DRAWING BY T. MARTINE RONALDSON. (COPYRIGHTED.)

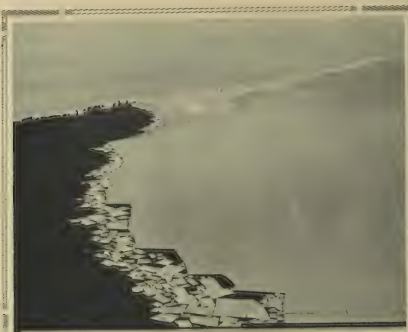


UNIQUELY VERSATILE AND ESSENTIALLY ENGLISH: MR. JOHN MASEFIELD, EX-SAILOR, POET, PLAYWRIGHT, AND NOVELIST.

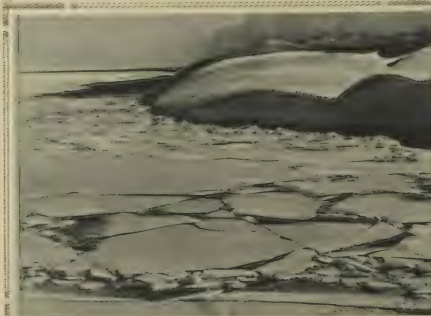
The selection of Mr. John Masefield to succeed the late Dr. Robert Bridges as Poet Laureate was a happy choice, for his work interprets the spirit of English life in its most vital characteristics—the romance of the sea and the love of sport and the countryside. But that is not the whole of his appeal, for he is, surely, the most versatile writer, both in verse and prose, who has ever attained the Laureateship. As a poet, he has touched the lyric note in such works as "Salt Water Ballads" and "Ballads and Poems," and the philosophic note in the "Lollingdon Downs" sonnets; he has portrayed the sailor's life in "Dauber," the sorrows of humble folk in "The Everlasting Mercy" and

"The Widow in the Bye Street"; and scenes of the hunting field, the point-to-point steeplechase, and the travelling circus, respectively, in "Reynard the Fox," "Right Royal," and "King Cole." Besides all these, he has written a war epic ("Gallipoli"), novels of adventure (such as "Sard Harker" and "Odtaa"), a hunting story ("The Hawbucks"), essays, and dramas, including "The Coming of Christ," a Nativity play performed in Canterbury Cathedral. He has a private theatre in his garden at Boar's Hill, near Oxford. Mr. Masefield, now fifty-five, was born in Liverpool, and as a youth went to sea before the mast in sailing ships, experiencing hardships which he has vividly described.

"IN THRILLING REGION OF THICK-RIBBED ICE": NEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BYRD ANTARCTIC ADVENTURE.



LIKE FLOATING SHEETS OF PAPER: RECTANGULAR FRAGMENTS OF ICE
BROKEN ALONG THE EDGE AT SUNRISE IN THE ROSS SEA.



PACK ICE SURROUNDING AN ICEBERG: A TYPICAL FORMATION IN THE
ANTARCTIC SEAS, PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE BYRD EXPEDITION.

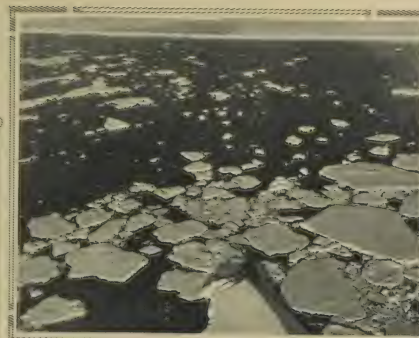


"PRESSURE" ICE—CAUSED BY EXPANSION AND CONTRACTION: A CLIMB
OVER SOME INTERESTING ROCK-LIKE FORMATIONS IN THE ANTARCTIC.

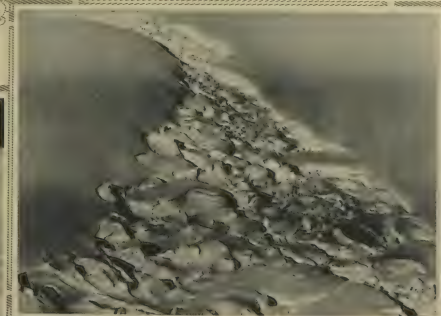
THE ONLY MAN
LIVING WHO
HAS VISITED
BOTH POLES—
EACH BY
AEROPLANE:
REAR-ADMIRAL
RICHARD BYRD,
DRESSED IN
FURS, WITH HIS
DOG, IGLOO.



DESCRIBED AS
"THE BEST
MOTHER IN THE
CAMP—LADY"
WITH HER
PUPS": A
HAPPY FAMILY
REARED AMID
THE ICE AND
SNOW OF
ANTARCTICA.



"PANCAKE" ICE IN THE ROSS SEA: A PICTURESQUE "ARCHIPELAGO"
OF FLOATING FRAGMENTS TYPICAL OF ANTARCTIC SURFACE CONDITIONS.



LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE EFFECT, OR THE SURFACE OF A LAVA FIELD:
ANOTHER TYPE OF "PRESSURE" ICE FORMED IN TWISTED FOLDS.



SUGGESTING DANTE AND VIRGIL IN THE FROZEN REGIONS OF THE NETHER WORLD:
A NIGHT VIEW, BY TORCHLIGHT, OF "PRESSURE" ICE IN THE BAY OF WHALES.



APPARENTLY A PRISONER IN AN ICY CELL: CAPTAIN ALTON N. PARKER IN A HOLE
MADE OUTSIDE THE PHOTOGRAPHIC LABORATORY TO RECEIVE WATER FROM THE TANKS.

These further photographs taken during the Byrd Antarctic Expedition have come to hand since those published in our last issue, which illustrated the contrast between Polar exploration by air and the slower and more laborious methods on foot. The present series is of great interest as showing the many varieties of "pressure" ice, which is caused by the forces of expansion and contraction. It is sometimes raised to a height of thirty and forty feet above the surface. One of the above illustrations—that in which Captain Alton N. Parker appears—requires a little additional explanation. "Captain Parker (we read in a descriptive note supplied with the photograph) is seen standing in a hole, outside the expedition's photographic laboratory, made to receive water from the tanks. However, the water cut the long slit at his feet and went down through the Barrier, presumably into the sea, for the hole never filled up." He presents the appearance of being incarcerated in an icy dungeon. Another photograph, showing two members of the expedition examining "pressure" ice by

the flare of a torch at night, suggests a scene from Dante's "Inferno" among the souls undergoing punishment in the frozen regions of the nether world. Elsewhere in this number, it may be mentioned, we reproduce a pictorial map giving a panoramic view of the Antarctic, and showing the localities traversed by the Byrd, Wilkins, Mawson, and "Norvegia" Expeditions (1929-30). Admiral Byrd, it may be recalled, started on his expedition from Dunedin, on December 2, 1929, and last year he reported the discovery, chiefly by aerial survey, of 20,000 square miles of unknown territory. Then, on November 28-9, last year, he flew, with three companions, from his base at "Little America" to the South Pole and back—1600 miles—under perilous conditions. His flight to the North Pole and back was made from Spitzbergen in 1926. He is thus the only living man to have visited both the Poles—a distinction he shared with the late Captain Amundsen. Last December he was promoted from Commander to Rear-Admiral (in the United States Navy) in recognition of his aerial exploration of the Antarctic Continent.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SO many books about crime and criminals are sent to me that, if I were inclined to be touchy, I might think there was something personal in it. I take no offence, of course, where none is intended; but, lest my choice of subjects from the Newgate Calendar should be misunderstood, it may be well to explain that I do not combine journalism by day with cat-burgling by night; I have never poisoned anyone; and it would not amuse me to sever a jugular artery and gloat, with Swinburnian sadism, on—

The slow, delicious, bright soft blood.

It is with complete detachment, therefore, that I approach the latest group of criminological studies, headed by one entitled "THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER." By Arthur Lambton, author of "The Splendid Sinner." Illustrated (Hurst and Blackett; 18s.). I don't intend to.

While not professionally concerned in felonious pursuits, however, I share with the general public that healthy interest in other people's pains and penalties to which even eminent persons have confessed. Seriously, too, it is a good thing that expert thought should not despise the problem of the criminal, which so closely affects us all as his potential victims. The best cure for crime is prevention, and that can only be attained through education and social reform. The first thing is to understand criminal mentality, in its manifold phases arising from different circumstances; and herein lies the value of such works as Mr. Lambton's. The fact that he was one of the founders of the Crimes Club, which holds periodical debates on criminal psychology, lends his book an authoritative character, apart from its great fascination as narrative.

In connection with this Club Mr. Lambton makes a statement of topical interest: "I believe not one of our members favours the abolition of capital punishment." Another allusion to the same learned institution takes the form of "an absolutely true story" in lighter vein. "A certain train (we read) set out for Buckinghamshire from either Marylebone or Baker Street. One compartment was completely full, but there were only two men in it. (Incidentally, both very distinguished in their respective professions.) Just as the train was entering one of the many tunnels, one man bent forward and remarked to the other in a more or less sepulchral voice: 'I think I've met you at "The Crimes Club."' Shortly afterwards the train stopped at a station, and, like lightning, every woman got out of the compartment."

Of all the thirty odd cases which Mr. Lambton discusses, including many notorious murders of our time, perhaps the most intriguing is the last, an unsolved mystery that never reached the Courts. It relates to the disappearance in London of an Australian, whose discovery of a secret process for fixing oil in wool meant a huge fortune for him and ruin to many established industries. The story was told to the author, as fact, by the late Professor Churton Collins, a fellow-member of the Crimes Club. Another poignant chapter is that on the Thompson and Bywaters case, regarding which further study has led Mr. Lambton to reverse his original view. He is now convinced that Mrs. Thompson "ought never to have been hanged," and he adds: "that is the consensus of opinion at our Club."

Many people (among whom, I remember, was "T. P.") were deeply stirred by that most pitiful affair, which epitomised so many disputed points in social custom and the ethics of punishment, while, as a crime, it was so foolish and unnecessary, and, as a revelation of feminine passion, unique outside fiction. The permanent appeal to the psychologist of this tragedy of "incompatibility" in a typical suburban household is indicated by its being placed first of the twenty-five cases (among several also coinciding with Mr. Lambton's subjects) in a kindred work by another member of the Crimes Club—namely, "THE MIND OF THE MURDERER." By Harold Dearden (Bles; 10s. 6d.). Here we have an analysis of Edith Thompson's emotions and fatal "day-dreaming," displaying qualities of perception naturally to be expected from the author of "The Science of Happiness" and the play, "Two White Arms."

Dr. Dearden offers the salutary warning that we may all of us become criminals ourselves unless we are very careful. He also suggests that, as possible jurors in a murder trial, it is our duty to study the mental processes of murderers. "With these objects in view," he writes, explaining his purpose, "I propose to show how quite normal psychological mechanisms, occurring in circumstances of

peculiar difficulty and often in persons of previous good character, led those different individuals to the scaffold." The exclusion of the professional or habitual criminal rather weakens the author's criticism of the death penalty, and he seems to ignore the argument of "deterrent effect."

Most people would probably approve of some such deterrent to the activities of persons like Jack the Ripper, not that he seems to have been greatly deterred himself. I mention him here because a plausible theory of his identity is put forward in "THE TRIAL OF GEORGE CHAPMAN," Edited by Hargrave L. Adam. Illustrated (Hodge; 10s. 6d.). As the fiftieth volume of a series ("Notable British Trials") begun twenty-five years ago, this book appropriately marks the jubilee of what might be termed a monumental conspectus of iniquity. Chapman, who was really a Pole named Klosowski, was executed in 1903 for poisoning three women. While working up the case the police began to associate him with the "Ripper" murders, which had occurred in London in 1888-9 and in America in 1890. Mr. Adam enumerates many striking

imperfect vocalist who tears my heart with repeated renderings of "Annie Laurie"; or, again, that other who bawls "Final ——" from six to nine, or even later? Consulting the oracle, I find, under the head of "Noises from Adjoining House," that "a man is entitled to the comfortable enjoyment of his dwelling-house," and to be protected from "serious annoyance and disturbance," but "not from noises to be reasonably expected . . . such as the playing of a piano-forte or children." My neighbour, I learn, cannot with impunity turn his ground floor into a stable, but there is no mention of abandoned dogs. For nerve strain caused by the vociferous itinerant vendor there seems to be no redress, but I note a consoling paragraph on "Street Music, Organ-Grinders, and Singers," which reminds me of J. K. Stephen's lines (after Calverley) on the Street Organs Bill of 1891—

Grinder, if you are not willing,
When invited, to desist,
You must pay your fortieth shilling,
Wretched instrumentalist!

Another legal point which has often exercised my curiosity, though not, so far, for any personal reasons, is—what precisely is the difference between hard labour and penal servitude? Referring to the book, under "Punishment of Criminal Offenders," I read (in a list of possible inflictions): "(6) Imprisonment, which may be: (i) with hard labour; (ii) without hard labour; (iii) as a first-class misdemeanor. (7) Penal servitude, the shortest term of which is three years, consisting of imprisonment and compulsory labour." There seems to be a subtle distinction between "hard" and "compulsory" labour: perhaps one day I shall discover what it is. Hitherto, my own experience has been that labour is susceptible of both these epithets, to run concurrently.

Just as I have often thought that, if the worst comes to the worst, the workhouse in Marylebone Road, like Duncan's castle, "hath a pleasant seat," so, if hard labour in the legal sense should ever be my lot, I should prefer to perform it, for sentimental reasons, in the "West Countree," at a certain famous institution described, incidentally, in "DAYS ON DARTMOOR." By C. W. Pilkington-Rogers. With twenty-nine illustrations and an end-paper Map (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). I hasten to add that this is not an autobiography such as "The Log of an Old Lag" (if that book has never been written, it ought to be!), but a delightful work of topography which combines intimate knowledge and love of a romantic region with sound practicality and a sense of humour. I should say it is quite the best compact description of Dartmoor that has been written.

In his account of Princetown the author drily remarks: "Leave to visit the inside of the prison, except on conviction at the Central Criminal Court, is granted only rarely and in special cases." To the literature of escape he adds an anecdote about an enterprising convict who "broke into the R.C. padre's garage and took his car, sailed majestically through the village, past the place where I was staying, and was solemnly waved round the corner into the Two Bridges Road by the policeman on point duty, who recognised the car and gave it a courteous salute." But all attempts to escape from Dartmoor, we are told, have ultimately failed, and this modern Jack Sheppard had to be content with the success promised to Sempronius.

I conclude with another anecdote, of a somewhat grim humour, culled likewise from a topographical work—this time on a district near my prospective bourne in Marylebone, namely, "LONDON'S OLD LATIN QUARTER." Being an Account of Tottenham Court Road and Its Immediate Surroundings. By E. Beresford Chancellor (Jonathan Cape; 15s.). There are many illustrations, including a coloured frontispiece after Hogarth. Having resided in two streets leading off the road to Tottenham Court, and in several others not far away, I speak with authority in pronouncing this a very delectable work. I should like to say more, but have only space enough for the anecdote. It concerns the forger Fauntleroy, executed in 1824, whose delinquencies cost the Bank of England £360,000. In his prosperous days he used to give his dinner guests some quite remarkable curaçao. "Shortly before his execution (we read) three of his friends and whilom boon companions went to take their last leave of him. Having done so and being on the point of departure, one of them turned back and addressed the culprit thus: 'Fauntleroy, you stand on the edge of the grave. Remember the text, "We brought nothing into the world, and we can take nothing out of it"; have you any objection, therefore, to telling me, as a friend, where you got that curaçao?'" The reply is not recorded. C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science.

Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

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When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

facts consistent with the identity of Chapman and the "Ripper," although admitting the absence of definite proof. All I can say is (judging from his portrait)—he looks the part.

By such easy stages I arrive at a legal work of reference that covers not only the nature and punishment of crime, but all other kinds of judicial proceedings and the grounds thereof—namely, "EVERY MAN'S OWN LAWYER." A Handy Book of the Principles of Law and Equity. By A Barrister. Sixtieth edition, Revised, including Legislation of 1929, and a Dictionary of Legal Terms (Crosby Lockwood and Son; 15s.). This is an extremely useful and comprehensive work, and highly entertaining, too, if read in the right spirit. I fear, however, that if the net of justice were closing round me I should consult a solicitor (who might employ a barrister), just as, when ill, I fly to a medical practitioner rather than to a medical encyclopædia.

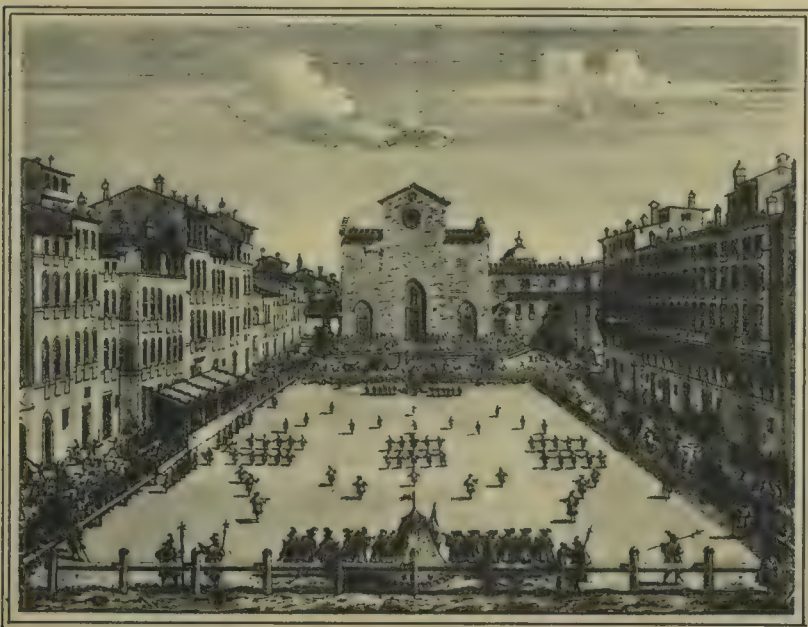
Not being a litigious person, I cannot recall many matters on which I require advice at the moment, but one or two little points arise. What, for example, is my position regarding a neighbour who has evidently left his dog at home alone, so that I write these observations to the accompaniment of wailing yelps; or towards the very

"RENAISSANCE" FOOTBALL AT FLORENCE.

DRAMA AT DELPHI AND OBERAMMERGAU.



REPRESENTING A HISTORIC GAME OF *calcio* (football) PLAYED IN FLORENCE DURING A SIEGE IN 1529: TEAMS IN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY DRESS IN THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA DURING A RECENT COMMEMORATION.

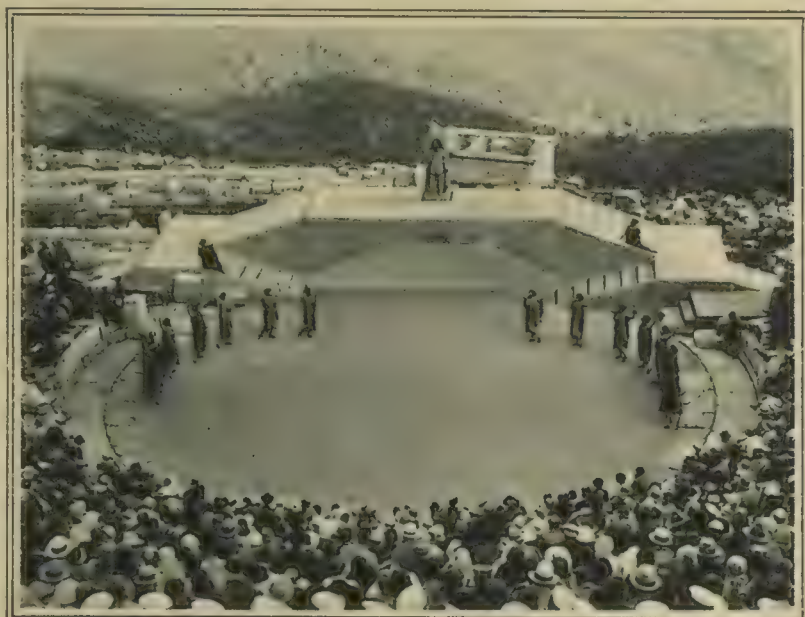


THE ORIGINAL MATCH PLAYED ON FEBRUARY 17, 1529, IN THE PIAZZA DI SANTA CROCE, AT FLORENCE, DURING THE SIEGE BY THE PRINCE OF ORANGE: AN OLD PRINT OF THE GAME BEGINNING.

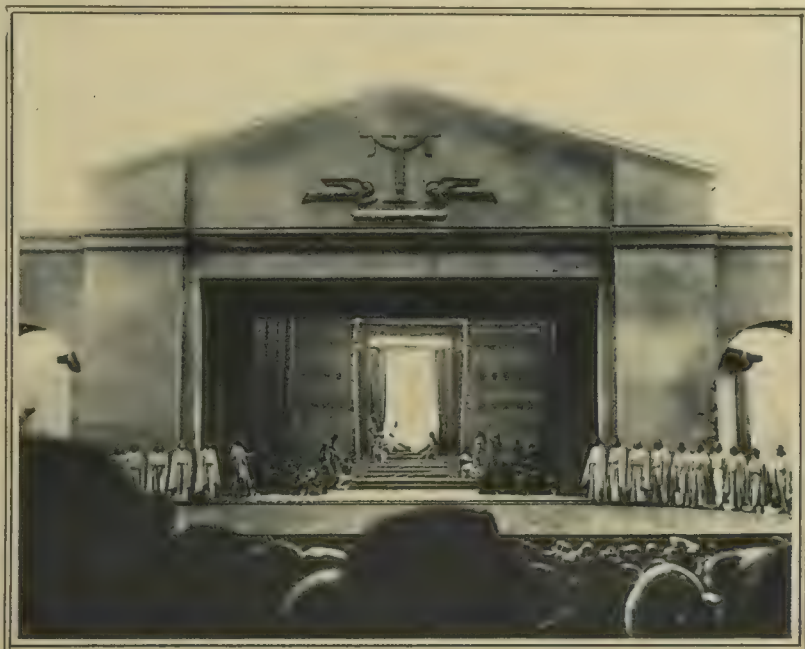


A MODERN "REPLAY" OF A MEDIAEVAL TWENTY-SEVEN-A-SIDE FOOTBALL MATCH: THE GAME BETWEEN THE WHITES (IN WHITE AND PURPLE) AND GREENS (IN GREEN AND PURPLE) FOR THE PRIZE OF AN OX.

In Florence, on May 4, a game of football (*calcio*) was played in the Piazza della Signoria between two teams of twenty-seven a side, from north and south of the Arno, and representing the historic match played in the Piazza Sta. Croce on February 17, 1529, while the Prince of Orange, was besieging the city. The commemorative "replay" took place before the Podesta and the *élite* of Florence. The teams wore sixteenth-century costume, one green and purple, the other white and purple. The "Greens" won by one point, and received the traditional prize of an ox—very welcome on the original occasion in time of siege. The match is to be repeated on June 24 (the festival of St. John, patron saint of Florence), and is to be an annual event, like the *Palio* of Siena.



THE DELPHIC FESTIVAL UNDER THE CLIFFS OF PARNASSUS: THE "PROMETHEUS BOUND" OF ÆSCHYLUS IN DELPHI'S ANCIENT THEATRE—THE CHORUS OF OCEANIDS BEWAILING HIS AGONY.



THE SIXTY-FIRST DECENNIAL PRODUCTION OF THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY SINCE ITS ORIGIN IN 1633: THE TABLEAU BEFORE THE DEPARTURE OF CHRIST FROM BETHANY.



THE OPENING PERFORMANCE AT THIS YEAR'S REVIVAL OF THE HISTORIC PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU, A VILLAGE IN BAVARIA: A SCENE REPRESENTING CHRIST BEFORE HEROD.

The Delphic Festival opened on May 1 with the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus (produced by Mme. Sikelianou in a modern Greek version by Jean Gryparis) in the ancient open-air theatre at Delphi. Another Æschylean play, "The Suppliants," was given on May 2, and on the 3rd were held the Pythian Games.—This year's revival of the Oberammergau Passion Play began with a preliminary performance on May 8, before a German audience. Despite incessant rain, the players gave an intensely sincere and impressive interpretation, and the spectators were spell-bound. The settings and costumes were very beautiful. At the official opening, on May 11, practically the whole audience consisted of British and American visitors. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, it may be noted, has taken seats for one of the August performances.

A UNIQUE EGYPTIAN EXCAVATION: THE

BY ALAN BOWE, FIELD DIRECTOR, EGYPT EXPEDITION, THE MUSEUM OF THE



2. AN EARLY STAGE OF THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS: THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CLEARING OF THE MEJDUM PYRAMID TEMPLE (AGAINST THE EAST FACE OF THE PYRAMID), SHOWING THE TOPS OF THE TWO STELAE APPEARING OUT OF THE DEBRIS (LOOKING NORTH-WEST).

1. A VISITOR'S INSCRIPTION 3000 YEARS AGO: THE SCRIBE MAI'S HIERATIC GRAFFITO (C. 1381 B.C., XVIIIth DYNASTY) IN THE MEJDUM PYRAMID TEMPLE. Dr. Griffith translates it thus: "Year 30 under the majesty of Amenophis III, Prince of Thebes, living for ever to eternity as King established in this whole land, the scribe Mai came to see the very great pyramid of Horus, the soul(?) of King Seneferu."

OUR last three articles in "The Illustrated London News" described the Expedition's work at Mejdum for the first part of the five and a-half months' season just concluded. The Expedition has since concentrated chiefly upon the pyramid temple and the great causeway (Figs. 5 and 7) leading down from it to another temple, as yet undiscovered, in the valley below. A sketch of this causeway appeared on page 460 of the issue of March 22 last. The former temple (discovered and partly excavated by Professor Petrie) consists of a small building built against, but not bonded into, the east side of the pyramid (Figs. 2 and 3); its outside measurements at the base are 8.90 metres long and about the same wide. Its maximum height is 2.69 metres. The exterior faces of the outer walls have a slight batter which improves the building's appearance (Fig. 4). The temple contains three main parts: (1) A passage leading from the entrance to (2) A central chamber, a door in the west wall of which opens out on to (3) A small offering court containing two *stelae* with a libation altar between them. The temple was never really finished. On the top of the roof, on a small block of stone, is incised the emblem of the "Vigorous" quarry gang—see page 504 of the issue of March 22. There is evidence that the temple had once, perhaps between the IVth and XIIIth Dynasties,

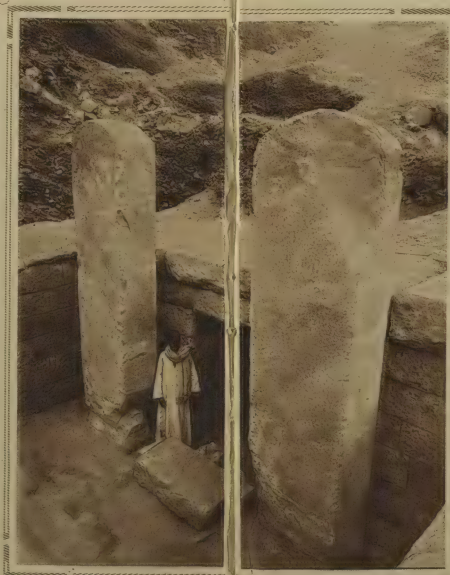
(Continued in Box 2.)

been used as a habitation by shepherds. The ceilings of the passage and chamber are blackened with smoke. The passage walls and ceiling are covered with hieratic *graffiti* of visitors under the XVIIIth Dynasty, including Fai, a scribe: an unknown person, son of a certain Pa-nehesi, who set up an inscription, now badly defaced, referring to King Seneferu; Netzer-mesu, a follower of Pharaoh, who prays that Seneferu, and various gods, may grant offerings to his *ka*; Amen, a man whose name only is mentioned; Thure, a sculptor; Aba, a scribe of the measuring of Thothmes I.; Ak-heper-ka-Ra-senb, a scribe, who "came to see the beautiful temple of the Horus King Seneferu"; Mai, a scribe, who "came to see the very great pyramid of King Seneferu" (Fig. 1), etc. The above *graffiti* appear in Professor Petrie's "Mejdum," but we have noticed a few others. The temple chamber, like the passage and the rest of the temple, is entirely bare and undecorated. Its walls bear *graffiti* of visitors under the VIth and XIIIth Dynasties. On the east wall of the chamber there is a crudely scratched boat. Unlike the passage and the chamber, which are roofed, the offering court is open to the sky, its back wall formed by the sloping base of the pyramid itself. In the court are two great plain monolithic limestone *stelae*, 4.20 metres, or eight ancient cubits, high, with rounded tops. The *stela* (Fig. 6) are almost exactly the shape of the two *stelae* with rounded tops set up at Abydos in each of the royal tombs of the Ith Dynasty (cf. the *stela* of Queen Mernhet and King Za) as found depicted on two Ith Dynasty stone fragments from the same site (belonging respectively to Kings Semerkhat and Qa), and as found in the IIIrd Dynasty tomb of King Perabast. At Mejdum, in the IVth Dynasty tomb of Ra-hotep, Professor Petrie found two *stelae* in the offering court. The two *stelae* in later Dynastic tombs seem to have been supplanted by two small obelisks. The obelisks had a solar significance, for in paragraph 1176 of the Heliopolitan Recension of the Book of the Dead, as found in the pyramid of Pepi I. of the VIth Dynasty, we read that "Pepi is the guardian of these two obelisks of Ra which are on the earth." An obelisk is really a pyramid on a long shaft, the apex or pyramidion representing the pyramid itself.

(Continued in Box 3.)



5. THE FIRST OF ITS KIND ENTIRELY EXCAVATED: A UNIQUE VIEW OF THE GREAT CAUSEWAY LEADING FROM THE PYRAMID TEMPLE AT THE BASE OF THE MEJDUM PYRAMID TO THE VALLEY TEMPLE (IN FOREGROUND UNDER WATER), SHOWING JUST BEYOND THE WATER) STONE SOCKETS ONCE USED FOR SWING DOORS OF WOOD.



6. RESEMBLING ITH DYNASTY EXAMPLES: THE TWO MONOLITHIC STELAE, THEM, IN THE COURTYARD OF THE

MEJDUM CAUSEWAY; AND PYRAMID TEMPLE.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA (UNDER THE ECKLEY D. COKE FOUNDATION FUND).

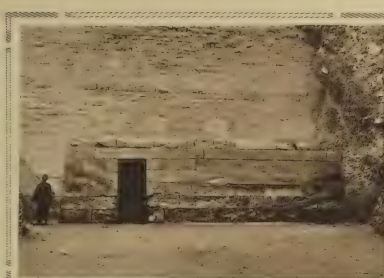


3. A LATER STAGE OF THE EXCAVATIONS: THE MEJDUM PYRAMID TEMPLE CLEARED—SHOWING THE ROOF, THE ENTRANCE DOOR (ON RIGHT) AND THE COURTYARD (LEFT) WITH THE TWO STELAE (LOOKING N.W.).

the latter being the chief emblem of the god Ra at Heliopolis, where there was preserved a pyramidal stone in the sun sanctuary. (See Breasted, "Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt," pp. 15, 70 ff.) Between the two *stelae* in our temple is a small altar for offerings, while behind the altar itself must once have stood a great "false door," perhaps of granite, through which the *ka* of the deceased monarch was supposed to come forth from the pyramid in order to receive offerings placed on the altar. No trace of this false door was found in the court. The pyramid temple was, of course, the place in which the royal mortuary ritual was performed by the priests who dedicated both it and the pyramid itself with magical *formulas* for their protection. Dr. Breasted, in his excellent work on the religion of Ancient Egypt,

has shown us how the priests charged the pyramid to receive the deceased king: "When this King Pepi, together with his *ka*, comes, open thou thy arms to him." Also, "That which this pyramid and this temple contain belongs to King Pepi and to his *ka*." The god Atum (Tum) is invoked to put his arms "behind the king, behind this building, and behind this pyramid . . . that the *ka* of the king may be in it enduring for ever and ever. Ho, Atum! Protect thou this king, this his pyramid," etc. It is, of course, well known that each king's pyramid of the Ancient Empire had a causeway leading down from the pyramid—or mortuary temple, to the temple in the valley below near the edge of the cultivation. But, whereas all other causeways have only been partially cleared, the causeway at Mejdum (Figs. 5 and 7) has been excavated by us for its entire length, namely, 210.11 metres (about 227 yards), which equals almost exactly 400 ancient Egyptian cubits. The causeway, cut in the rock base of a sloping natural valley running slightly south-eastwards from the pyramid (Fig. 5), consists of two parallel stone walls with rounded tops. Their original height was about 210 cm., or 4 cubits; the space between them is 302 cm. The causeway was never roofed. The floor is made of hard mud plaster, and is 15.75 metres, or about 30 cubits, lower at the east end than at the west end near the enclosing wall of the pyramid. At the upper end of the causeway is a small door opening out on its north side.

(Continued in Box 4.)



4. BUILT ABOUT 2000 B.C. BY KING SENEFERU, IVth DYNASTY: THE MEJDUM PYRAMID TEMPLE ENTIRELY EXCAVATED—FRONT VIEW, SHOWING THE DOOR, AND TOPS OF THE STELAE PROJECTING ABOVE THE ROOF BEHIND (LOOKING WEST).

and another on its south side. Further on, between the pyramid enclosing wall and these doors, are two small chambers, one on either side of the path leading from the causeway-head to the temple. In each chamber doubtless once stood a statue of the king. At 4.20 metres west of the lower end of the causeway there is an offset on either side, and, against each offset, a stone door-socket which once held the pivot of one of the leaves of a great double door of wood (Fig. 5). The Palermo Stone mentions the making of doors for Seneferu's palace, of cedar wood from the Lebanon. At the extreme end of the causeway itself, Professor Petrie found traces of a great wall running at right angles to the south, while we ourselves found another similar wall running at right angles to the north. It is at some place to the east of these walls and below the cultivations that the remains of the valley temple must lie, but the work of searching for them was held over until the next season, so that the necessary pumps could be obtained in order to remove the water which covers the buildings at this part of our site. A certain amount of sand, however, has already been removed from this area. The prospective discovery of the valley temple, next season, will still further enhance the interest of the work already accomplished.



7. THE CAUSEWAY (ABOUT 227 YARDS LONG) SEEN FROM THE OPPOSITE END (TO FIG. 5): A VIEW LOOKING DOWN FROM THE FIRST STAGE OF THE MEJDUM PYRAMID ON TO THE PYRAMID TEMPLE (FOREGROUND) AND THE CAUSEWAY LEADING TO THE VALLEY TEMPLE (NOT YET EXCAVATED) IN THE BACKGROUND (LOOKING S.E.).

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

MISS GWEN FRANGÇON-DAVIES'S MAGDA.—REPERTORY TO THE RESCUE.—ABOUT ALEXANDER MOISSI.

MAGDA, Nora, and Camille are the land of the heart's desire of every actress nearing the pinnacle, and Miss Frangçon-Davies has latterly achieved the almost unique feat of portraying the two former almost simultaneously. Whilst she was actually playing Nora at the Criterion on week-days, she played Magda on a

undoing. In her sorrow, as in her anger, rings out the human note—the woeful, helpless outcry of a simple mortal overwhelmed by the inexorable force of circumstances. That is the great, the outstanding merit, of Miss Gwen Frangçon-Davies's fine creation—a creation which stamps her as one of the elect.

that the theatre is confronted with such odds as are practically invincible unless it changes its policy and is alive to its inability to compete unless it gives greater value for less money. This applies particularly to the provinces. Touring is no longer a paying proposition now that the public, for a few shillings, in excellent accommodation, can have a full evening's entertainment at the cinema instead of a second-hand performance of a play at a theatre. I foresee that, within measurable time, theatre after theatre in the provinces will go over to the cinema; even the stars have ceased to attract, except the very few who remain names to conjure with.

What is to be done? Is there no remedy, no way to stem the onrushing tide; no rival puissant enough to uphold the "flesh-and-blood" play against the make-believe? Yes, there is one, and its name is "Repertory." If the public is given plays of to-day and favourites of yesterday, in excellent interpretation, at prices that challenge the cinema, there is not only hope but the prospect that the pleasure-seeker will return to his old love—for



A DUCK-BOARD SCENE IN "SUSPENSE," THE STAGE PLAY: WOUNDED WALKING TO THE REAR OF THE LINE.

"Suspense," a great war play from the private's point of view, is proving a success at the Duke of York's Theatre. Its scenes are "A Captured German Dug-Out," and "On a Duckboard Behind the Lines." The author is Mr. Patrick MacGill. It is now being filmed.

Sunday at the Cosmopolitan Theatre—not to mention Ophelia at the Haymarket all-star performance. Immediately after the Sunday performance she was approached to give Magda at a series of English performances at the New Theatre, and within twenty-four hours she was hard at work at rehearsals of the English version—another achievement which, at any rate in my long experience, is unrivalled in the history of the contemporary drama. As in Nora, which I described on this page, her reading of Magda is entirely different from that of all her sisters in art. If one were to classify the conceptions of the great exponents of this complex character, I would say: Agnes Sorma was the homely, impulsive Magda; Sarah Bernhardt the flamboyant one, run very close by Mrs. Patrick Campbell; Miss Gladys Cooper made her a *femme du monde* with temperamental impulses; and Duse—the greatest of them all—was the Dolores of the bunch, a rebellious, tragic, pathetic figure whose "Io sono Io" rings unforgettable in our ears, whose hands, the beautiful hands of a Gioconda, pictured eloquent arabesques of the somewhat stilted dialogue. I could name many another Magda, for I have seen the play some twenty times in a dozen languages; they were all different expositions of temperament and race, but none, except, perhaps, Sorma, struck such a simple delineation as Miss Gwen Frangçon-Davies. Her Magda might have been a sister—she was certainly a kinswoman—of her Nora. In her we saw, almost through-out, the simple girl of simple parentage and Calvinistic upbringing, who went into the world and, through struggle, suffering, unceasing hard work, became that "I am I," almost as aloft and solitary as the hero of "An Enemy of the People." Magda in her home-coming tries to curb herself to be the obedient daughter. Yes, she makes a flamboyant entry in her furs and glorious evening-dress; but that was not evidence of vanity; it was, as it were, the winged entrance of the long-lost daughter, jubilant in the surroundings of her youth, ready to be cherished and adored by her mother, sister, and her father. Not until she comes into conflict with his rigidity, his archaic imperiousness, his attempt to treat her as a child and a chattel, does she rise to rebellion— not until she meets her former lover who led her astray but made her a woman and a mother, does her anguished soul burst out in flames of indignation. Her flouting of Keller, her defiance of her father, are not the expression of an infuriated soul; they are the outcry of her wounded pride, of her lacerated feelings, of her painful recollection of how Keller—"the shining light"—took her in his glibness of tongue and forsook her when, in fear for his reputation, he went, and left her great with child. But these outbreaks are only momentary, the culmination of pent-up feelings. When they are spent she becomes the dutiful daughter once more; her agony and remorse at the feet of her dying father are as heartrending as they are pitiful to behold. The renowned *prima donna*, the woman worshipped by all the world, becomes a Magdalen rent and broken by the consciousness that she is the cause of her father's

Some eighteen months ago, when the first "talkies" arrived, I came, saw, and was convinced that this new-comer meant peril to the World of the Theatre. These initial efforts were pretty awful, ill-attuned, and badly voiced, but the omen was unmistakable; with many ingenious minds at work, perfection was in sight in the near future. In this page, under the title "The Red Light," I tried to demonstrate the possibilities of the new development and to defeat the arguments that tended to pooh-pooh its spread. Nor was I mistaken. The "talkies" improved by leaps and bounds, the silent films became fewer and fewer; the bogey of expensive installation was quashed by competition; cinema after cinema went over to the new régime, and to-day we have to face the fact



A DUCK-BOARD SCENE IN "SUSPENSE," THE FILM: INFANTRY LEAVE THE TRENCHES FOR A REST CAMP, ONLY TO RECEIVE ORDERS TO RETURN TO THE LINE.

"Suspense" is being filmed at the British International Studios at Elstree.

blood is thicker than water, the living actor more vivid to the imagination than the facsimile, and the human emotions are infinitely more stirred by life-force than by pictorial verisimilitude. That is why my heart's good wishes go out to Mr. Percy Hutchinson in his manful struggle to uphold the drama against the "talkies." Given good plays, given excellent performances and the vibration which comes from the human voice that no artifice can emulate—the drama will hold its own. The theatre can never die, for human inspiration "makes the whole world kin."



"THE SILENT WITNESS," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE: IN A PRIVATE ROOM IN SCOTLAND YARD.

"The Silent Witness" is a drama by Messrs. Jack de Leon and Jack Celestin. It stages both a murder and a trial at the Central Criminal Court; to say nothing of a private room in Scotland Yard. From left to right in the photograph are Mr. St. Barbe-West, as Inspector Robbins; Mr. Malcolm Keen, as Austin Howard; Mr. Robert Harris, as Anthony Howard; and Miss Marie Löhr, as Mary Howard.

The Dutch have an apt proverb: "They be strong shoulders that can carry much luxury." I thought of it when I read the extolling of the advent of Alexander Moissi. Not since Sarah Bernhardt's palmy days have the clarions been sounded with such resonance. Great things will be expected of him, and, if he fulfils them, he will be hailed as a Titan of the modern stage. Moissi, so a German encyclopædia tells us, was born in Berlin in 1880—he is therefore in the flower of his middle-age. Whether the reference to his birthplace is correct I venture to doubt; others chronicle his record as Triestine. However that may be, Germany claims him as her own, and Reinhardt, that great explorer and exploiter, was his sponsor. Under his guidance he came to the fore, and almost at once his personality became the centre of much controversy—these things occur in Germany when a new light shines upon the stage. His ways, his vocal inflections, were foreign, and, while some critics approved of them, others—with a touch of chauvinism—tried to discount him to the exaltation of real German players. But undoubtedly the newcomer had genius and, ere long, when he created Hamlet he established his supremacy. I saw him in this character a good many years ago. He was young then, and he left upon me an indelible impression. In aspect he reminded me of Sir John Martin Harvey. He seemed *petit* and extremely picturesque. His eyes were as lustrous as his diction. He literally fulminated, and the words—in impassioned scenes—reverberated all through the house.

[Continued on page 900.]

THE ART WORLD: TWO FRENCH AFFAIRES; A RESTORATION; A "FIND."



CHALLENGED BY EXPERTS, AND NOW DEEMED TO BE BY QUILLARD, THE BEST PUPIL OF WATTEAU, AND NOT BY THE MASTER HIMSELF, AS THE LOUVRE BELIEVED: "LA DANSE VILLAGEOISE; OU, FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE."

The *affaire* Millet-Cazot lends additional interest to the case of the two pictures here illustrated. These were purchased by the Louvre in 1927, for the sum of 1,500,000 francs, and they were duly hung as the works by Watteau they were believed to be. And they were, in fact, well "pedigreed." There were those, however, who challenged their attribution to the Master, and it has just been decided by the Committee of the French National Museums that they are by

THE SECOND OF THE PICTURES HUNG IN THE LOUVRE AS BY WATTEAU, BUT NOW GIVEN TO QUILLARD: "LA PLANTATION DU MAI"—BOUGHT, WITH "LA DANSE VILLAGEOISE," IN 1927, FOR 1,500,000 FRANCS.

Watteau's best pupil, Quillard. As a result, action for the recovery of the price paid is being taken, and it is thought that judgment will be given for the return of at least a million francs. It should be added that there is no suggestion that the dealer concerned in the sale, or anyone else, was acting in any but good faith. Now the critics are wondering how many of the paintings hung in the collections of the world as by Watteau are really by Quillard!



ARRESTED ON CHARGES OF BEING CONCERNED WITH "FAKE" PICTURES ALLEGED TO BE BY FAMOUS MASTERS: M. JEAN CHARLES MILLET, GRANDSON OF JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

It was announced from Paris on May 7 that M. Jean Charles Millet, grandson of Jean François Millet, the famous painter, and M. Cazot, an artist, had been arrested and had been charged at Melun with putting forged signatures to works of art, with fraud in connection with the origins of paintings sold, with obtaining money by false pretences, and with complicity in the concealment

[Continued opposite.]



ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN "FAKED" AND SOLD AS A MILLET: "LE VANNEUR AU BONNET ROUGE"; MENTIONED IN THE CASE AGAINST MM. MILLET AND CAZOT.



ARRESTED ON CHARGES OF BEING CONCERNED WITH "FAKE" PICTURES ALLEGED TO BE BY FAMOUS MASTERS: M. CAZOT, AN ARTIST WHO IS SAID TO BE A VERY SKILLFUL COPYIST.

[Continued.] of facts. The *affaire* is *sub judice* as we write. Meantime, M. Cazot has stated that any pictures painted by him in the manner of nineteenth-century French masters were not painted with intent to deceive, and argues that the low prices he received could not permit purchasers to believe that they were buying original masterpieces. The case is a sequel to several complaints, some of which concern Jean Charles Millet alone.



AS RESTORED: THE PAINTED REREDOS IN ROMSEY ABBEY, HAMPSHIRE, A WORK PROBABLY DATING FROM 1520.

Romsey Abbey, which celebrated its thousandth anniversary in June, 1907, is dedicated to Saints Mary and Ethelreda. The latter, it will be recalled, was the granddaughter of King Alfred and was the first Abbess of Romsey. The earliest building was probably of wood, and it was not until the reign of Henry I. that the structure grew towards the assumption of its present fine proportions. The restoration illustrated was done by Professor E. Tristram.—The tomb of a



THE TOMB OF THE VESTAL VIRGIN COSSINIA: A "FIND" MADE UNDER THE ROAD LEADING FROM ROME TO TIVOLI, BY THE BANKS OF THE ANIENE.

Vestal Virgin, which is illustrated above, was found recently at Tivoli. As our photograph shows, the grave has five marble steps over it, and these are surmounted by an ornamented pilaster, which bears the Vestal's name. She was Cossinia, daughter of Lucius, and is mentioned by Cicero as having been a member of a noble family of Tivoli. She entered the College of Vestals at the tender age of twelve, and died when she was seventy-eight.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

AMONG the novels of the month, only one is a thorough-going love-story—"The Party Dress," by Joseph Hergesheimer—and it comes nearer to being successful than most books of its type. It is written in a breathless style which, if it were transcribed into music, would be marked *"molto appassionato."* The characters are rich, cocktail-drinking Americans; but they are interesting people; they have other qualities besides purchasing-power. Nina, the heroine, is a woman of forty-two, with two rather charming grown-up children and a dull husband. "A woman like you" (he tells her in a temper) "who looks the way you look, costs at least fifty thousand dollars a year. She may not be worth fifty-thousand cents, or fifty cents, but that is what she costs." Nina, however, is not an economic proposition, but an emblem of Love. "I am love!" she cried, in a moment of exaltation. For love she counted the world well lost. Why Chalke Ewing, who lectured her on archæology, had a harsh voice, and wore white clothes and nearly black boots, should have awakened this passion, one cannot easily see; but Mr. Hergesheimer makes us feel its overmastering strength, its recklessness, its carelessness of issues outside itself, and this is a noteworthy achievement.

"The Forgotten Image" is also a love-story, if we can extend the word love to include the infatuation of Beryl Chambers for Alison Marshall. They were both inmates (the word is appropriate) of a Woman's Settlement. Alison, a newcomer, found Beryl smarting under the neglect of Pauline Frobisher, "bursar" to the Settlement; she resolved to right the wrong, and to make Beryl find in her the qualities she had vainly admired in Pauline. She was only too successful; but beneath her apparent kindness lay vanity, egoism, and a cold heart; and she was false to the love she had deliberately evoked. Maddened by jealousy, Beryl reveals Alison to herself in her true colours—a distasteful image soon forgotten. Miss Scott is to be congratulated on this clever, if morbid, story; but need she have made the end so tragic?

Let us leave Love, which reacheth but to dust, and consider two novels which have many points in common, besides great length and unusual merit: "... & Co.," by Jean-Richard Bloch, and "Singermann," by Myron Brinig. In both the unit is the family, not the individual. In both the families are Jews who have emigrated—the Simlers from Alsace-Lorraine to the West of France, the Singermanns from Rumania to the North-West of America. Both are epical in treatment, covering several generations. In both we see how far the pioneers are

MRS. DAPHNE MUIR,
Author of "The Lost Crusade."

sacrificed to the race, the family, and the business. "... & Co." is profound, slightly pessimistic, a record of shrinkage, of pioneering effort exhausted; "Singermann" is poetical, hopeful, with possibilities of expansion still unrealised. Both are well worth reading, but "... & Co." is a remarkable book, almost in the class

of Thomas Mann's "Buddenbrooks."

Belonging to a lower level of achievement than "Singermann," but with some of the same ideas running through it, is Miss Edna Ferber's "Cimarron," a romance of the development of Osage, Oklahoma, from the 'eighties down to the present day. Among the first settlers are Yancey Cravat and his wife Sabra. Yancey is a not wholly Admirable Crichton, idealistic in intention, but erratic in behaviour, who can run a printing press, conduct a religious service, plead in a court of law, or shoot an undesirable citizen, all with equal grace. He sets the community of Osage on its feet, but his character has no staying power, and the task of looking after many of his undertakings, including his two children, devolves upon his wife. "Cimarron" is a very readable book, but it is marred by exaggeration and megalomania.

"The White Coat" is a story of Soviet Russia, partly historical, partly prophetic. It is a long, rambling, formless book, with some exciting incidents, but few interesting characters. General Krassnoff loathes the Bolshevik régime, and he is at his best when his narrative gives him opportunities to illustrate its horrors; but Russian literature, and our own war novels, have so inured us to

horrors that we scarcely notice them. "The White Coat," is the name given to the leader of the resistance to the present administration; he has a great many superhuman

The central figure in "St. Peter and the Profile" also is—or was—a genius, tired, old, and with exquisite manners, no ogre demanding "giant's bread." But the important thing about him is not his talent, but the peculiar way his talent expressed itself. But for his life-long wish to find the perfect profile, he certainly would not have spoken to Miss Mellow in the Park. The brief sitting she gave him started a whole train of events, fantastic and improbable enough, but with so sure an appeal to the imagination that the mind accepts them without reserve. It is surprising to find in a novel of such modest pretensions so much variety of character, incident, and mood.

One does not find them in "Out of Step," though this is a novel with a purpose, a contribution to the problem of education, and demands to be taken seriously. Colin Brooke is a public schoolboy, cleverer than his fellows, critical of them, and of the whole Public School system. He does not keep his ideas to himself; he voices them with the utmost freedom. What he does not realise is that he is old for his age. A school marches at the pace of its slowest member, and the precociously developed are bound to be "out of step." Mr. Smith's book is too one-sided and argumentative to be a "good school-story," but it is provocative and full of ideas.

"The Lost Crusade" was a pathetic enterprise in which thousands of children lost their lives. Mrs. Muir has made it the subject of a romance. She does not examine it historically, or tell us what were the conditions in the thirteenth century that accounted for such a phenomenon; but her imaginative reconstruction of the period makes it seem possible. Having followed the two streams of pilgrims to Brindisi and Marseilles, she leaves them, and the rest of the book is concerned with the leader, Stephen, the German girl Charla, and the Italian fisherman Antonelli. Captured by pirates, they are protected by Hassan Ben Sabbah, Chief of the Assassins. Their strange adventures, imaginatively handled by Mrs. Muir, arouse one's curiosity, and help to atone for a certain aimlessness and lack of shape.

"North of Suez" and "Pidgin Cargo" are, in their different ways, tales of adventure. Mr. McFee, accomplished, ironical, restrained, master of a first-rate prose style, tells of the difficulties encountered by an officer of the Mercantile Marine in defending British interests among the neutrals in and about Port Said. Miss Hobart, straightforward, dramatic, picturesque, tells



MISS ELEANOR SCOTT,
Author of "The Forgotten Image."



MR. WILLIAM MCFEE,
Author of "North of Suez."

qualities,—e.g., the ability to elude his pursuers, however dense their numbers—but few that recommend him to us personally, except the appearance of an Englishman. All things are possible in Russia, so perhaps General Krassnoff is not too optimistic in prophesying the victory of "The White Coat."

Many novelists have tried to describe a genius: a few have succeeded. Miss Mary Westmacott is not among their number, but her failure—in "Giant's Bread"—is gallant. She adopts the conventional view that geniuses are impracticable in human relationships, needing experience to nourish their art, but owing no responsibility to those who provide the experience. Vernon Deyre begins as a mild-mannered young man, affectionate to his friends, and with a violent aversion to music. He has a great many adventures, all marvellous and some incredible, and ends by being brutal to his friends and adoring music—if music be held to include the dreadful concatenation of sounds described in the prologue. What moral can be drawn from this?

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- The Party Dress. By Joseph Hergesheimer. (Knopf; 7s. 6d.)
The Forgotten Image. By Eleanor Scott. (Benn; 7s. 6d.)
"... & Co." By Jean Richard Bloch. (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)
Singermann. By Myron Brinig. (Cobden Sanderson; 8s. 6d.)
Cimarron. By Edna Ferber. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
The White Coat. By P. N. Krassnoff. (George Allen and Unwin; 12s. 6d.)
Giant's Bread. By Mary Westmacott. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
St. Peter and the Profile. By John North. (Jarrolds; 7s. 6d.)
Out of Step. By Derek Walker Smith. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
The Lost Crusade. By Daphne Muir. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)
North of Suez. By William McFee. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Pidgin Cargo. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)



M. JEAN RICHARD BLOCH,
Author of "... & Co."

family, "Singermann" contains many characters, all of equal importance. In "... & Co.," the chief human interest is centred in the person of Joseph. His love for the enchanting Hélène Le Pleynier and the refusal of the family to allow him to bring a Christian into their charmed circle, introduces a note of tragedy; we see the individual being



MR. JOHN NORTH,
Author of "St. Peter and the Profile."



MISS EDNA FERBER,
Author of "Cimarron."

how an American pioneer, his wife and his son, tried to open up for traffic a perilous stretch of the Yang-tze-Kiang. Both books are full of movement, but only the first has literary quality.

SEA NEWS—FROM OVERSEAS.



CAR NEWS—TRACK CRASHES.



CARRYING TWO CERTIFIED COPIES OF THE NAVAL TREATY OF LIMITATION: THE "LEVIATHAN," WITH THE AMERICAN DELEGATION TO THE NAVAL CONFERENCE ABOARD, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A U.S.N. DIRIGIBLE.



AN ATTEMPT TO SAIL FROM MIAMI, FLORIDA, TO GREECE, IN AN 18-FT. BOAT: CAPTAIN NICHOLAS GONGOLOPOUS SETTING FORTH IN HIS "ULYSSES."



A MODEL OF A SHIP OF WHICH THERE ARE NO KNOWN "OFFICIAL" RECORDS: CORTES'S "CONCEPCION" INGENUOUSLY RECONSTRUCTED FROM THE DATA IN PRINTED DESCRIPTIONS AND EXHIBITED IN LOS ANGELES.

The American Delegation to the London Naval Conference left the "Leviathan" at New York on the morning of April 29, and were officially welcomed. On the following day, three of them went to the White House, at Washington, and handed to President Hoover two certified copies of the Treaty of Limitation.—Captain Nicholas Gongopolous set out recently from Miami. His destination is Athens. His craft carries supplies for four months.—Cortes had the "Concepcion" built in 1533, and it was one of his fleet when he discovered the peninsula of Lower California in 1536, and surveyed part of the gulf between it and Mexico. From this voyage it did not return. The model illustrated is by Mr. Ferdinand Perret, and is in the Los Angeles Museum.



THE FATAL ACCIDENT AT BROOKLANDS: THE WRECK OF COLONEL RABAGLIATI'S TALBOT, AND THE RAILINGS THROUGH WHICH IT CRASHED AFTER COLLIDING WITH ANOTHER TALBOT AND LEAVING THE TRACK.



THE SECOND OF THE TALBOTS CONCERNED IN THE FATAL ACCIDENT AT BROOKLANDS: MR. HEBELER'S CAR AFTER THE MOTOR-RACING DISASTER.



A BROOKLANDS MOTOR-RACE ACCIDENT THAT WAS NOT SERIOUS: MR. STABLEFORD'S RILEY DITCHED—AND THE DRIVER, WHO, WITH HIS MECHANIC, WAS UNINJURED, BEING CARRIED FROM THE WRECKAGE OF HIS CAR.

The Double Twelve-Hour Race organised by the Junior Car Club was saddened by a fatal accident on the first day, May 9. A Talbot, driven by Mr. R. Hebel, swerved to pass another car, skidded, and became interlocked with the Talbot, driven by Colonel Rabagliati, which was following it. The latter crashed through the railings in the Finishing Straight and into the onlookers. Its mechanic was killed instantaneously; a spectator was killed; and the driver and eight spectators were seriously injured.—Luckily, the accident to Mr. Stableford's Riley was not serious. Neither driver nor mechanic was injured, although the car, which left the track after leaving the Finishing Straight, was ditched on the inner side of the track and overturned.

"LION-HUNTING IN EUROPE."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT": By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.*

(PUBLISHED BY DUCKWORTH.)

MR. VIERECK, when asked by a Customs official what his profession was, replied: "Lion-hunting. Lion-hunting in Europe." "I am compelled by an immense curiosity," he says, "to seek out my most eminent contemporaries. I am not satisfied until I have wrested their philosophy of life from their lips, until I have acquired from them something I need to complete my own universe. To me these men are flashes of the great World Brain. The meaning of an age cannot be reduced to a single formula, but from the totality of the thoughts of these great men we can deduce some of the major tendencies of our age."

Mr. Viereck is to modern interviewing what Ludwig is to modern biography. Just as Ludwig dresses up the facts of his subject's life to make them seem as striking and sensational as possible, so Mr. Viereck, in his interviews, tries to elicit from his "sitter" statements of opinion so sweeping and controversial that they could, without much alteration, be used as head-lines in a newspaper. Though German by parentage, he appears to be American by nationality, and he has the American's love of long words and resounding phrases. "Every personality is schizophrenic," he observes. To indicate the trend of his enquiries he chooses a line from "The Dynasts": "To what tune danceth the Immense?"—and more than once in the course of the book one is reminded of that purple passage beginning "Howls the sublime" in which Dickens caricatured certain types of American literature.

Mr. Viereck's method of persuading his lions to roar was simple and effective. He asked them a number of direct questions on matters of current and eternal interest. He asked Einstein, for instance, who were his greatest contemporaries, what was his attitude towards Bolshevism, did he agree with Lenin's statement that Liberty was a *bourgeois* prejudice, did he believe in the German Republic, did he not believe in psycho-analysis, was he then an opponent of Freud, did he believe in personal immortality, how would he define death, would mankind eventually evolve the Superman, was Nietzsche's sister right in thinking that Mussolini was the Superman prophesied by her brother? To all these questions the great physicist gave his careful attention, and returned cautious and sometimes evasive answers. To tell who were his greatest contemporaries he would have to consult an encyclopædia.

Bolshevism was an extraordinary experiment, perhaps worth trying, but badly executed. The Bolsheviks made the mistake of putting Party faith above efficiency; they replaced efficient men by politicians; their test-stone of public service was not efficiency, but devotion to a rigid creed. Lenin might be in the right as to liberty, for complete freedom was incompatible with civilisation. To the enquiry about the German Republic he replied "Undoubtedly: the people have a right to rule themselves. Now at least our mistakes are our own." As to psycho-analysis, he was "not able to venture a judgment on so important a phase of modern thought; but it might not always be helpful to delve into the subconscious." He was not an opponent of Freud, though he could not accept all his conclusions. He regarded him (this is a very unkind cut) as being greater as a literary stylist than as a psychologist. He did not believe in personal immortality: "Life is a great tapestry. The individual is only an insignificant thread in an immense and miraculous pattern." Death is a reality; life ends "when the subject no longer affects his environment." The only "progress" Einstein could see was "progress in organisation." It would take millions of years to evolve the Superman, supposing he could be evolved at all. When asked whether Mussolini could be identified with the Superman, "again a smile illuminated Einstein's features, but it was not so jovial as before."

Einstein's answers are marked by tact as well as by caution. When his interlocutor "modestly" inquired whether there was in America a physicist of equal importance with Schroedinger, Heisenberg, Planck, and Eddington, Einstein replied that "in America more than anywhere else, the individual is lost in the achievements of the many."

America is beginning to be the world leader in scientific investigation." Einstein pays a handsome tribute to the contribution made by America to science, particularly in astronomy. Very rarely does he protest against the questions put to him, but when asked whether he believed in God, the God of Spinoza, he observed that someone, an American, had sent him a telegram asking whether he believed in God. Mr. Viereck took up the implied challenge warmly. "I am afraid, professor, that my own method is at times equally high-handed. I put a pistol up to a man's breast and ask him, not for his watch, but for his philosophy of life. My victims squirm, but my system works nine times out of ten. Every man has a philosophy of life. But he is not, as a rule, equipped to express it succinctly. My question compels him to think and to clarify his convictions." "Your question," Einstein replied, "is the most difficult in the world."

No doubt it is, but the important thing for Mr. Viereck, and incidentally for us his readers, is that Einstein attempted to answer it. One may not entirely approve of Mr. Viereck's method. Short cuts to knowledge are not the most reputable means of education. Lion-hunting among real lions is glorious if dangerous; social lion-hunting has its glamour, and is not unattended with risks; but lion-

"Bolshevism as an idea is dead in Russia. There are only eight hundred thousand Bolsheviks in the Soviet Republic. Those eight hundred thousand hold the Russian giant in gyves . . ." and goes ahead almost without being prompted. The Emperor William II. is also eloquent. He seems to have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. The stories told in the book of his identifying himself with the purposes of God here receive the strongest confirmation. "God wanted me to rule thirty years as an Emperor. Then he discarded me, and allowed me to be dethroned, perhaps to see whether my faith would be shaken. It is not!" Some of the interviewed confine themselves to abstractions, or to their own special subject. Mussolini talks freely about everything, and is, as might be expected, enormously sanguine and optimistic. "I could not bear these responsibilities, if I did not know that I am acting for all the people. I am the ruler of Italy, by grace of no party, but by the will of the people. Don't you think Fascism is giving Italy a good government? To me," he says in another place, "violence is fundamentally normal. Violence is more moral than compromises. The fact that violence is justifiable on the basis of its lofty motive renders it indispensable that those who use violence be guided by lofty morality—never by interested calculations of personal satisfaction." What a pity that the book records no interview with Stalin or Trotsky!

Bernard Shaw scintillates unceasingly. He seems to have had notice of every question. Apropos, one wonders how close is the connection between the dialogue as given in the book, improved and edited, and the original conversation. A facsimile of a page of Mr. Viereck's interview with Bernard Shaw, with emendations in the dramatist's handwriting, leaves one a little uneasy: "replied, after pondering the question," is altered into "replied promptly." An important difference! If all the "glimpses" have been touched up like this, the likeness to the original must be decidedly faint. But to go back. Shaw denounces love. "It lacks personal interest. It is the most impersonal of all the passions . . . on paper redeemed from intolerable boresomeness only as a subject of biological science. . . . I have never been an ascetic. I should be described as a voluptuary if people only knew what is really enjoyable." Mr. Viereck very pertinently asked Freud what he thought of Shaw's views upon love. "Shaw," replied Freud smiling, "does not understand sex. He has not the remotest conception of love. There is no real love-affair in any of his plays. He makes a jest of Caesar's love-affair—perhaps the greatest passion in history." Mr. Viereck did not ask Professor Voronoff his opinion about love; perhaps wisely. "The ape, I repeat," said Professor Voronoff, "is a depot for human spare parts. Humanity needs ape depots more than repair shops with spare parts for automobiles."

Some of the interviews are handicapped by the fact that Mr. Viereck, armed only with a lively intelligence and a consuming curiosity, is conversing with a specialist whose knowledge cannot be readily conveyed in the language of everyday speech. But on the whole it must be admitted that he brings to each interview a very clear idea of the main issues of the subject in hand; and, though he simplifies and popularises knowledge, he does not distort or degrade it. He claims for his book that it is "a kaleidoscope of human intelligence in the first quarter of the twentieth century, it records the pulse-beat of the age." But the kaleidoscope, brilliant as it is, lacks a definite design, the pulse beats irregularly. Mr. Viereck summarises the results of some of the interviews: "Arthur Schnitzler bravely attempts to reconstruct the sorry scheme of things entire. Keyserling extracts new wisdom from esoteric philosophies. Hauptmann reconciles Buddha and Jesus." Henry Ford, master of matter, rejecting materialism, delves into metaphysics. . . .

But he does not try to synthesize them. One might as well, indeed, attempt to make a synthetic face from the photographic portraits with which the book is liberally adorned. He makes this generalisation, however. "From Shaw to Ford, from Ford to Einstein, modern intelligence spurns the pedantic rationalism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Einstein and Ford, like Shaw, seek the Unknown God."

L. P. H.



THE EARTHQUAKE AT RANGOON AND PEGU: THE WORLD-FAMOUS SHWE DAGON PAGODA, WHOSE ROOF WAS DAMAGED, AND (RIGHT) THE MUNICIPAL OFFICES OF RANGOON.

Much damage was done in Rangoon by an earthquake on the night of May 5, and even more havoc was wrought at Pegu, the ancient capital of Burmah: indeed, the dead at the latter place are estimated, at the time of writing, to number from three to four hundred at least, and it may be assumed that the injured are in proportion. In Rangoon the dead are believed to total between forty and fifty, and not fewer than two hundred persons suffered injury there.

hunting that consists in picking the brains of the most distinguished savants of the time has a faintly unsporting air. The collector's instinct takes many forms, and, generally speaking, needs for its expression many admirable qualities; patience, judgment, *flair*, experience won after years of effort. To go round collecting the opinions of distinguished men by holding a pistol to their breast and demanding their philosophy of life seems to require too little sacrifice on the part of the collector.

But, on the other hand, Mr. Viereck is extremely well equipped for his task. His personal gifts must be clearly very great: all his conversations give the impression of taking place between friends, not between strangers. His book is not just a collection of confessions. Each interview has its personal note, each throws some light on the character and environment of its subject; it not only extracts his opinions, it illuminates the man himself, his appearance, his way of expressing himself, the many small points as well as the great ones, that distinguish him from his fellows in Mr. Viereck's gallery. Perhaps he sometimes exaggerates his settings and gives the lion an ideal lair, makes it more characteristic of itself than it could ever be; but these high lights improve the picture and stimulate the imagination. Moreover, should Mr. Viereck's system require defence, he himself has vindicated it. "The victims may squirm," but the system works, and thanks to it we are privileged to have glimpses into the private lives and hitherto unformulated opinions of thirty-three of our most distinguished contemporaries.

To make a selection from these glimpses is no easy matter. Each is taken from a different angle, for, though Mr. Viereck's motto is "*de l'audace, de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*," he also varies its application to suit the occasion. Generally he is more talked against than talking. The Grand Duke Alexander, for instance, begins boldly:

* "Glimpses of the Great." By George Sylvester Viereck. With thirty-two illustrations. (Duckworth; 21s. net.)

BEATER OF A BERT HINKLER RECORD: THE SOLO-FLIGHT AIRWOMAN.



THE PILOT OF THE GIPSY MOTH "JASON": MISS AMY JOHNSON, OF ENGLAND-AUSTRALIA LONE-FLIGHT FAME.

Miss Amy Johnson left Croydon shortly after 8 a.m. on Monday, May 5, in an endeavour to fly solo to Australia in her Moth aeroplane, "Jason," and to beat Captain Bert Hinkler's record for that flight. She reached Karachi on the sixth day; that is to say, two days ahead of Captain Hinkler's time-table. Hinkler's whole journey, it may be recalled, took fifteen-and-a-half days. Miss Johnson,

who is twenty-two, is the daughter of Mr. J. W. Johnson, of Hull. She studied at Sheffield University and is a B.A. She learned to fly two years ago, at Stag Lane, and she is a member of the London Aeroplane Club. First-rate pilot as she is, she decided not to fly by night during her great endeavour. She is the only woman who holds an Air Ministry certificate as a ground engineer.

THE NOVELTY AT THE 1930 PARIS SALON: THE

FIRST ANNUAL SALON, IN 1737, RECONSTITUTED.



"PORTRAIT DE LA COMTESSE DE LOMÉNIE DE BRIENNE."
BY LOUIS TOCQUÉ (1696-1772).
(Exhibited in the 1737 Salon; Now in the Cailloux Collection.)



"PORTRAIT DU PRÊTRE LOUIS FIRMIN TOURNUS."
BY JEAN RESTOUT (1692-1768).
(Magnin Collection.)



"LA FEMME À L'ÉILLET."
BY JEAN MARC NATTIER (1685-1766).
(Baron Henri de Rothschild Collection.)

THE peculiarly interesting feature of the French Salon this year is what is described as a reconstitution of the Salon of 1737. This owes its parents to the painter Jean Gabriel Goulinat. "Why 1737?" may be asked. Colbert conceived the idea of having a regular annual exhibition, open to members of the Academy, in 1663; but the project materialized only intermittently. The Salon of 1737 was the third of the series, but it was the first to assume the character of a yearly exhibition, and it was housed in the Louvre. There were sixty-nine exhibitors. Obviously, it has not been possible to reassemble the two hundred and eighty-six works shown; a number

(Continued opposite.)



(Continued) have disappeared, others are very far from Paris, others are in countries other than France. But, thanks to hard work, knowledge, and enthusiasm, M. Goulinat has contrived to collect for the present Salon a work by each of the exhibitors in 1737—save four. When he has not been able to obtain a work of the precise year, he has selected one that is as close in date as possible. Thus has the atmosphere of what can be dubbed the first Salon been secured.

"L'ÉVANGÉLISME D'ESTHER" (SKETCH).
BY JEAN FRANÇOIS DE TROY (1679-1722).
(Exhibited in the First Annual Paris Salon, in 1737.)



"PAYSAGE AVEC ARCHITECTURE." BY JACQUES DE LA JOUE (1687-1761).
(Private Collection.)



"LA JUSTICE CHATIANTE L'INJUSTICE." BY JEAN MARC NATTIER (1685-1766).
(Wildenstein Collection.)



"JEUNE FEMME ATTACHANT SA JARRETIÈRE." BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770).
(Cailloux Collection.)



"PORTRAIT DU SIEUR DE CARNAY, ARGENTIER DE LA COUR D'ESPAGNE."
BY NICOLAS LANCRET (1690-1743).
(J. Charpentier Collection.)



"UN CHIMISTE DANS SON LABORATOIRE." BY JEAN SIMÉON CHARDIN (1699-1779).
(Exhibited in the 1737 Salon; Now in the Louvre.)



"PORTRAIT DE DUVAL DE L'ÉPINOY, SÈVIER, CONSEILLER, SECRÉTAIRE DU ROI."
BY MAURICE QUENTIN DE LA TOUR (1704-1788).
(Baron Henri de Rothschild Collection.)

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A GREAT CHRISTIAN GATHERING AT A SCENE OF EARLY CHRISTIAN MARTYRDOMS: A PROCESSION OF CHILDREN DURING THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS AT CARTHAGE. The thirtieth Eucharistic Congress, and the first to be held in Africa, was opened recently at Carthage, the ancient city which Rome first destroyed and then rebuilt. Between 15,000 and 20,000 visitors, including delegations from all over the world, gathered in Tunisia to take part in the Congress. Among the ceremonies was a procession of children in the ruins of the ancient Roman amphitheatre, where many early Christians suffered martyrdom.



FOLK-DANCING AT OXFORD: A PICTURESQUE SCENE IN THE GARDEN OF NEW COLLEGE AT THE CLOSE OF THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

On the last day of the Oxford Musical Festival, May 11, the Oxford Branch of the English Folk-Dance Society gave performances of Morris and country dances in the garden of New College. Music was provided by a wind band conducted by Sir Hugh Allen, and a violin solo for some of the dances was played by Miss Avril. The veteran, Mr. William Kimber, of Headington, who originated the modern revival of folk-dancing, danced his Morris jig.



AN IRISH REPLICA OF THE FAMOUS SHRINE AT LOURDES: THE GROTTO ERECTED AT INCHICORE, DUBLIN, WITH A STATUE OF THE VIRGIN VEILED.

A wonderful replica of the famous shrine at Lourdes has been established at Inchicore, near Dublin, and the opening ceremony was performed by Dr. Byrne, Archbishop of Dublin, on Sunday, May 11, in the presence of a large gathering. A descriptive note which accompanied the left-hand photograph states: "The grotto, which has been erected at a cost of £9000, subscribed by the

[Continued opposite.]



THE OPENING CEREMONY AT THE IRISH "LOURDES": THE STATUE OF THE VIRGIN UNVEILED, AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN SPEAKING.

people of Inchicore, was built by a lay brother of the Order at Inchicore, who spent three years at Lourdes, studying the grotto there, which is visited annually by sick pilgrims. The statue on the shrine (i.e., the Irish replica) is the gift of a poor girl of Inchicore who went to America, and there earned enough to pay for the statue." The photograph on the left, which was taken before the unveiling ceremony, shows the statue of the Virgin in its niche, covered with drapery.



THE BODY OF THE LATE PATRIARCH OF BULGARIA VISIBLE AT HIS FUNERAL: AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE AT THE BURIAL OF MGR. CLEMENT IN SOFIA.

The funeral of the late Monsignor Clement, Archbishop of Vratza and Patriarch of the Bulgarian Church, took place recently at Sofia, after a service in the Cathedral attended by the King and the Government. In our photograph, the Patriarch's body is seen, exposed to view, during an open-air service immediately before the interment. In succession to the late Patriarch, Mgr. Neophytos, Archbishop of Vidin, has been elected President of the Holy Synod of the Church of Bulgaria.



THE QUEEN AT DEPTFORD TO OPEN A COLLEGE FOR TRAINING NURSERY-SCHOOL TEACHERS: A CHARMING PICTURE OF HER MAJESTY WITH SOME OF THE CHILDREN.

The Queen went to Deptford on May 8 to open the Rachel McMillan College for the training of nursery-school teachers, and after the ceremony she visited the adjoining nursery school, where the above photograph was taken in the playground. The foundation-stone of the new College was laid by Lady Astor on November 6 last. After opening it, her Majesty paid a surprise visit to the new dwellings built under the Deptford Council's housing scheme.

Colour Changes of Tropical Fish: Expressions of Mood or Fear.

By COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY. (SEE ALSO DOUBLE-PAGE IN THIS NUMBER.)



1. THE SPADE FISH (*CHÆTODIPTERUS FABER*): THREE COLOUR CHANGES—
A DRAWING BY HASHIME MURAYAMA.



2. THE BLUE TANG (*TEUTHIS CÆRULEUS*): THREE COLOUR CHANGES—
A DRAWING BY HASHIME MURAYAMA.



3. THE SHARK-SUCKER (*ECHENEIS NAUCRATES*): THREE COLOUR CHANGES
(TWO FISH ATTACHED TO A SHARK)—A DRAWING BY OLIVE EARLE.



4. THE CONEY (*BODIANUS FULVUS*): FIVE COLOUR PHASES (THE DARKEST
ON THE UPPER RIGHT)—A DRAWING BY OLIVE EARLE.

"Most of the tropical fishes in the New York Aquarium," writes Mr. Charles Haskins Townsend, Director of the Aquarium, "have the capacity of making instantaneous changes in colour according to their moods or to artificial excitements. (1) The Spade Fish's usual appearance is silvery with five or six heavy cross-bands of black, but at times some become entirely white or dull black. If frightened, all instantly assume their black cross-bands. (2) Two striking phases are assumed by the Blue Tang, one a dark blue, the other a creamy white. The blue phase is the one usually seen. Some-

times under temporary excitement the fish displays three or four vertical pale bands as shown in the middle figure. At evening the fish may settle down toward the white sand bottom and take on a ghostly whiteness. (3) Shark-suckers cling to the bodies of sharks by an air disk on top of the head. They often change from black with white stripes to grey or even jet black. While clinging to or swimming close beside the shark, the darker costumes are usually worn. (4) Few fishes are capable of as many intergradations [as the Coney]. Hostile coneys hang bulldog-like to each other's jaws."

"Quick-Change" Artists of Tropic Seas: Fish with Three to Seven "Dresses."



1. BUFFALO TRUNK-FISH (*LACTOPHYRUS TRIGONUS*): THREE COLOUR CHANGES—
A DRAWING BY HASHIME MURAYAMA.



2. YELLOW-FINNED GROUPEL OR "PRINCESS ROCKFISH" *MYCTEROPEKA*
VENENOSA: THREE COLOUR CHANGES—DRAWN BY HERBERT B. TCHUDY.



6. BROWN PARROT-FISH (*PSEUDOSCARUS GUACANIA*): THREE COLOUR CHANGES—
A DRAWING BY OLIVE EARLE.



5. HOG-FISH (*LACHNOLAIMUS MAXIMUS*): THREE COLOUR CHANGES—
A DRAWING BY HERBERT B. TCHUDY.

red, blue, yellow, or other pigments. The movement is controlled by the nervous system. The stimulus to colour change is received through the eye; blind tropical fishes make no response to disturbance. The studies are, of course, based on the behaviour of fishes in captivity. It is difficult under such conditions to determine the meanings of their colour changes. Perhaps some are merely emotional, like sudden flushing or pallor. The principal motive must be the impulse to conform with environment. Then there are the colours and markings displayed when under some excitement, as when food is thrown into the tanks, or artificial light turned on. We know little of the extent to which colour change is practised by fish amid their natural surroundings."



3. RED PARROT-FISH (*SPARISOMA ATLANTICUM*): FOUR COLOUR CHANGES—
A DRAWING BY HASHIME MURAYAMA.



7. BLACK GROUPEL (*MYCTEROPEKA BONACI*): FOUR COLOUR CHANGES—
A DRAWING BY OLIVE EARLE.

Of some of the specimens Mr. Townsend says: "(1) We are scarcely prepared to discover changeable colour cells in that hard-shelled tortoise of the sea, the trunk-fish, so different from ordinary scaled fishes. . . . In this species all changes in colour are made slowly. (2) The dainty Princess Rockfish is related to the yellow-finned Grouper. Each has its own colorations, the differences being due to depth of habitat. (3) The Red Parrot-fish is one of the most interesting. We are loath to believe that the sudden flashing of a dozen regularly distributed white spots is meaningless. In nature, surrounded by enemies, it may be a recognition signal to its mates. (5) A fish that plays the harlequin so frequently that it can be depended upon to perform colour tricks 'before company' at almost any time is the Hog-fish. It is lively, and large specimens weigh as much as 20 lb. (6) The Brown Parrot-fish is the largest of the parrot-fishes. Specimens 2 ft. long had the reddish-brown colour which gives this species its name."—[By courtesy of the New York Zoological Society.]

Extraordinary Transformations of Hue Assumed at Will in Varying Moods.



4. GLASS EYE (*PRACANTHUS ARENATUS*): FOUR COLOUR CHANGES—
A DRAWING BY HASHIME MURAYAMA.




8. NASSAU GROUPEL (*EPINEPHELUS STRIATUS*): SEVEN COLOUR CHANGES—
A DRAWING BY HERBERT B. TCHUDY.



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PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



THE WALKER CUP MATCH: THE UNITED STATES GOLFERS WHO MEET THE BRITISH TEAM AT SANDWICH.

In the back row (from left to right) are Messrs. Roland Mackenzie, Bobby Jones, who is the captain, Don K. Moe, and George Voigt. In front (left to right) are Mr. Harrison R. Johnston, who is the American Amateur Champion, Dr. O. F. Willing, and Messrs. Francis Ouimet and George von Elm. The match was fixed to take place on the Royal St. George's course, Sandwich, on May 15 and 16.



THE PRINCE OF WALES PLAYING GOLF WITH MR. BOBBY JONES: H.R.H. MAKING AN IRON SHOT.

On May 8, there was a friendly foursome, on the new course at Sunningdale, in which the Prince of Wales, with Mr. Bobby Jones as his partner, opposed Sir Philip Sassoon and Mr. Harrison R. Johnston. The game was halved.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

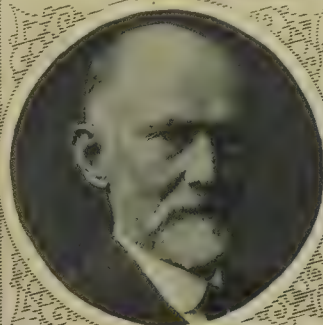


THE DOUBLE-TWELVE-HOUR RACE: CAPT. WOOLF BARNATO (L.) AND MR. F. C. CLEMENT, AFTER WINNING.

The Double-Twelve-Hour Race organised by the Junior Car Club was won at Brooklands by a Bentley driven by Captain Woolf Barnato and Mr. F. C. Clement. The average speed was 86.68 miles an hour. A Bentley driven by Messrs. S. C. H. Davis and Clive Dunfee was second, with an average of 85.68 m.p.h.; and a Riley driven by Messrs. C. R. Whitcroft and H. C. Hamilton was third to finish.



THE RT. HON. T. R. FERENS. High Steward of Hull and a great benefactor to that city. Died on May 9, at the age of eighty-three. Managing Director of Messrs. Reckitt and Sons. M.P. for East Hull (Lib.), 1906-18.



DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN, THE WORLD-FAMOUS ARCTIC EXPLORER, WHO DIED AT OSLO ON MAY 13.

Nansen was born at Froen, October 10, 1861. His "Fram" expedition was his most famous, and he reached 86° 14' N. Norwegian Minister in London, 1906-8. Nobel Peace Prize-man.



ADMIRAL SIR SACKVILLE CARDEN.

In command of the Naval Operations at the Dardanelles until invalided in March, 1915. Died on May 5, aged seventy-three. Was promoted full Admiral in 1917, when he retired.



SIR CLEMENT D. M. HINDLEY.

Chairman of the Racecourse Betting Control Board since 1928. Received the King's congratulations at Newmarket when his Majesty inspected the Board's fully mechanised Totalisator.



Mlle. NELLY WILHELEM, THE JEANNE D'ARC OF THE FÊTES DE COMPIÈGNE The "Fêtes du Ve Centenaire de la Chevauchée de Jeanne d'Arc" are being held at Compiègne on May 17 and 18 and 25 and 29. They include processions, a tourney, and an "Entry" and "Apotheosis."

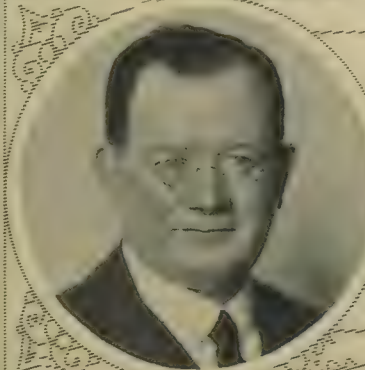
MR. RANDOLPH SCHWABE.

To succeed Professor Henry Tonks as Slade Professor of Fine Art. A former student at the Slade School. Born in Manchester in 1885. Recently at the School of Design.



HER HIGHNESS THE EX-BEGUM OF BHOPAL.

Died on May 12, after an operation, at the age of seventy-one. A very remarkable woman who ruled over her State for a quarter of a century before handing over the reins of Government to her only surviving son, the present ruler, in May, 1926. The third woman in succession to govern Bhopal. Wore the veil, but moved about freely, sat in the Chamber of Princes, and visited this and other countries.



THE RT. HON. JOHN WHEATLEY. M.P. (Lab.) for the Shettleston Division of Glasgow. Died on May 12, aged sixty. Minister of Health in the Labour Government, 1924. Later, led the Labour Left Wing "rebels."



SIR ARTHUR HIRTZEL.

Permanent Under-Secretary of State for India for the past six years. To retire shortly, under the age limit. Is sixty. Has been at the India Office for thirty-six years.

FREIHERR VON NEURATH.

To succeed Dr. Friedrich Sthamer (who is seventy-two) as German Ambassador to this country. At present German Ambassador to Italy. Takes up his new duties on Oct. 1.



INDIAN RIOTS: SCENES AT PESHAWAR.



INDIAN RIOTS: SCENES AT KARACHI.



BUILT TO KEEP OUT FRONTIER TRIBESMEN (IN LEAGUE WITH RIOTERS), SINCE RAIDED BY AIR: BARBED-WIRE DEFENCES AT PESHAWAR GUARDED BY INDIAN TROOPS.



THE SCENE OF RIOTS DURING WHICH AN ARMoured CAR WAS BURNT, A BRITISH SOLDIER WAS KILLED, AND TROOPS FIRED ON THE MOB: THE KISSAKHANI BAZAAR, PESHAWAR.



SHOWING THE SPOT (MARKED WITH A CROSS) ON THE ROADWAY WHERE THE ARMoured CAR WAS BURNT: PART OF THE KISSAKHANI BAZAAR, WITH MOUNTED TROOPS ON GUARD AND SOLDIERS POSTED ON THE EDWARDS GATE.

The above photographs, just received from India by air (in ten days), show scenes of the riots that began at Peshawar on April 23. The Deputy Commissioner, Mr. Metcalfe, while trying to appease a mob, was knocked senseless by a brick. The mob then attacked some armoured cars and burnt one of them. Presently the Deputy Commissioner recovered consciousness, and, finding that a British soldier had been killed and the mob had set light to a second armoured car, authorised its crew to open fire. Later, the rebel leaders invited a tribal chief beyond the frontier, the Haji of Turangzai, to seize Peshawar, and posters promising his arrival were put up in the bazaars. On May 12 the Secretary for India stated in Parliament that an air-raid had been carried out on the Haji and his followers, who had approached within twenty miles of Peshawar, and blocked the high road with felled trees.



A RIOT ATTRACTS A LARGE "AUDIENCE": SPECTATORS CROWDED ON A ROOF, AT KARACHI, TO WATCH THE SCENE BELOW AFTER THE POLICE HAD FIRED ON THE MOB (SEEN INDISTINCTLY THROUGH TREES).



PART OF THE KARACHI MOB THAT REASSEMBLED AFTER THE POLICE HAD FIRED ON THEM: A SCENE DURING THE REMOVAL OF WOUNDED, BEFORE THE TROOPS ARRIVED.



AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPS TO ASSIST THE POLICE AT KARACHI IN DISPERSING THE MOB: INDIAN SOLDIERS, WITH FIXED BAYONETS, PRESSING BACK A CROWD OF RIOTERS.

The disturbances at Karachi took place on April 16, on which date a "Times" correspondent there wrote: "The police opened fire on a riotous mob of 10,000 persons which surrounded the City Magistrate's Court to-day, when the trial was begun of six Congress leaders who had been arrested, charged with breaking the Salt Laws. One person was killed and seven were seriously wounded. Twenty-six others were injured by lathi blows and stones. The police were assisted by Indian troops, who were called out as an emergency measure, and the arrested Congress leaders were removed from the Court in lorries to Karachi gaol, where the trial will be held." A later message (of April 14) stated: "The number of dead is now two. Over 1000 people attended the funeral yesterday of the first victim. The injured number 57, of whom 11 are in hospital. Seventeen of the remainder are sergeants and police-constables."

INDIA IN FERMENT: NOTABLE INCIDENTS AND PROMINENT PERSONALITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS, EXCEPT NOS. 1, 2, AND 7, BY W. BOSSHARD.



1. MR. V. J. PATEL'S DEPARTURE FROM SIMLA: HIS "BODYGUARD" OF NATIONALIST VOLUNTEERS WITH THEIR FLAG, WHO PRECEDED HIS RICKSHAW SHOUTING "ZINDABAD" ("REVOLUTION").



2. A DERAILMENT THAT BLOCKED THE LINE INTO CHITTAGONG ON THE NIGHT OF THE ARMED RAID: THE ENGINE UPRIGHT IN THE ADJOINING JUNGLE AFTER TURNING A COMPLETE SOMERSAULT.



3. THE LEADER OF THE ANGLO-INDIAN PARTY IN THE INDIAN PARLIAMENT: COLONEL GIDNEY, A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE IN INDIAN POLITICS.



4. GANDHI'S OCTOGENARIAN SUCCESSOR (RECENTLY IMPRISONED): MR. ABBAS TYABJI, WITH MRS. NAIDU, WHO SUCCEEDED HIM AS LEADER.



5. REPROACHING AN INDIAN FOR WEARING EUROPEAN DRESS: MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU, NATIONALIST LEADER AND POETESS.



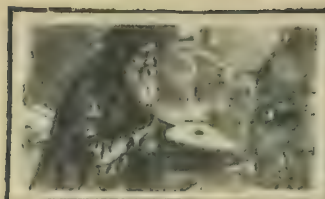
6. TWO YOUNG INDIANS, HANDCUFFED TOGETHER, AND ESCORTED BY POLICE, ON THE WAY TO PRISON AT MUTTRA: A TYPICAL ARREST.



7. EX-PRESIDENT OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY (THE OFFICIAL INDIAN PARLIAMENT) AND SINCE HEAD OF AN ANTI-BRITISH MOVEMENT: MR. V. J. PATEL IN HIS HOUSE AT NEW DELHI.

At the moment of writing, news from India continues to indicate a condition of ferment. On May 13 martial law was proclaimed in Sholapur, the city (22 miles from Bombay) where, on May 8, there had occurred savage rioting in which, it was stated, 25 people were killed and 100 injured. Three policemen were said to have been murdered by the mob, and some reports alleged that they had been burnt alive. The leaders of the populace attempted to form an administration of their own, but on the arrival of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Ulster Rifles, who were rushed to Sholapur from Poona by train, the military took command of the city. Barricades were erected at strategic points, and machine-guns and

pickets were posted.—Mr. Abbas Tyabji, aged eighty, who became leader of the civil disobedience campaign after Mr. Gandhi's arrest, was himself arrested, with fifty-nine Congress volunteers, at Karari on May 12, when starting on a march to raid the Dharasana salt depot.—Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the only woman who has been President of the Indian National Congress (in 1925), was formerly a student at King's College, London, and at Girton.—Mr. V. J. Patel, after resigning the Presidency of the Legislative Assembly, was escorted through Simla in a procession by the local Congress Committee. "Simla," writes our correspondent, "has not hitherto given way to the extreme politician, and the crowd was out for a holiday."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SNAILS' TONGUES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

WHAT possible excuse, the gardener might ask, had Noah for permitting even one pair of snails and slugs to enter the Ark? Indeed, the list of omissions that might well have been made in the interests of posterity is a long one! But perhaps he

after the same fashion and used always as a rasp, it presents an extraordinarily wide range of differences.

Before this strange tongue can be profitably explored, however, a word must be said as to the jaws of these creatures. Their function is to bite off food and transfer it to the rasp, or radula. In the octopus and cuttle-fish tribe these jaws are obvious enough, for they take the form of a parrot's beak, and are of considerable size.

Among the snail tribe, however, they have to be carefully sought. But they are worth seeking, for when magnified they present a wonderful range in the matter of shape and size, and are often of great beauty. As a rule, save in the octopus tribe, there is but one jaw, placed behind the upper lip. If a common snail be watched crawling up the inside of a glass jar or feeding on a lettuce-leaf, this jaw can be seen as a black crescent, while the edges of the leaf are cut much as a caterpillar cuts

than the whole body. On such a ribbon there will be about 3500 teeth; in the garden snail about 15,000 (Fig. 1); in the great black slug there are about 30,000. But this number is far exceeded by the marine snails of the genus *Umbrella*—related to the "sea-hares"—where as many as 750,000 have been counted! If these poor things ever have the toothache, they are to be pitied!

They have, as I have said, a symmetrical arrangement: commonly there is a well-defined central tooth, and more or fewer lateral teeth on each side. The common whelk shows this arrangement (Fig. 3.)



FIG. 1. BEARING 15,000 TEETH! A GARDEN-SNAIL'S TONGUE—A SECTION (HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.)

The teeth in this case are adapted for a purely vegetarian diet, while those of the voracious whelk are used for boring holes in the shells of other molluscs, such as oysters, mussels, limpets, and periwinkles.

foresaw that there would come a time when snails and slugs would find a place in the estimation of some, at least, among us. For, when they come to be carefully considered, instead of being furiously trodden on, they are found to present a surprising number of unsuspected causes for wonderment, both in regard to their structure and their life-history. Just now I propose to speak more especially of their tongues.

But before the true perspective of this theme can be obtained we must, temporarily, wipe from the tablets of memory all the conceptions we have formed of tongues such as we see in the higher, vertebrated, animals. No fish has a tongue. The first appears in the amphibia—i.e., frogs and toads—where, as in all other tongues whatsoever among the vertebrates, it is formed of a mass of muscular tissue mounted on what answers to the first pair of gill-arches of the fish. In the frogs and toads it is used as an adhesive dart, which can be shot out from and withdrawn into the mouth with lightning rapidity. In the lizards and snakes it forms a "feeler"; in some birds and mammals it has assumed a worm-like shape, is covered with a sticky juice, and can be thrust far out of the mouth among swarming hosts of ants, to be drawn back covered with protesting victims. In the lion and the tiger its surface is covered with spines, so that it can be used as a rasp in scraping flesh from bones—a fact to be borne in mind in view of what is to follow. Finally, in man himself this mass of muscle serves not merely to enable him to control the food he eats during mastication and as the vehicle of his sense of taste, but as well to express his thoughts—which he by no means always controls! The poet, the orator, and the virago can each and all move men to tears or fury by the use of that same tongue. Structurally the same in all the vertebrates, it becomes, in man, the vehicle for the expression of the most varied emotions. It can soothe the sorrowful, or inspire men to do great deeds, and it can no less efficiently cut deeper than any lash when malice is behind it. The tongues among the invertebrates have no such community of origin as that of the vertebrates. Hence we can discuss that of the molluscs without any reference to that of, say, the insects.

But the mollusca are not universally provided with a tongue, for it is wanting altogether in the bivalves—the oyster, cockle, mussel, and so on. You will find a tongue, however, almost universally among the univalves, and among the octopuses and cuttle-fish tribe. But wherever it is found, though constructed

them. One can see it, too, in water-snails feeding on the *conservæ* covering the glass sides of an aquarium. And, furthermore, these leave an interesting track behind them, cut by the jaw.

The food thus cut off is now passed on to the radula, which is formed of a long band, or ribbon, emerging from a pouch far back in the throat, the teeth being set transversely across it, row upon row. In the periwinkle (*Littorina*) there may be as many as 480 rows, the "ribbon" being several times longer



FIG. 2. WITH SERRIED ROWS OF SPIKY TEETH: PART OF THE TONGUE OF A *DORIS*, ONE OF THE SEA-SLUGS (HIGHLY MAGNIFIED). Here there is no sharply defined central tooth. The form of the teeth, as might be supposed, is determined by the work they have to perform.

But compare this tongue with a similar portion of the radula of *Doris*, one of the marine nudibranchs, or "sea-slugs" (Fig. 2), with its serried rows of spike-like teeth; or with the radula of the garden snail (Fig. 1)—only three examples out of several thousand. In no two related species are these ever exactly alike, while different genera show astonishing departures.

As with all other groups, there are exceptions to the rule. Thus some snails have become toothless. Another remarkable exception to the rule is furnished by one of the underground slugs (*Testacella*), which lives on earthworms, pursuing them in their burrows. Here the tongue is protrusible, like that of a woodpecker, and is thrust out to capture its victim, which, impaled on the rows of spike-like teeth, is drawn back into the mouth writhing but powerless! Some gardeners, I am told, can distinguish these from other slugs, and keep them in ferneries and glass-houses to keep down the worms! When hungry they have no scruples about eating in public, and, if given a worm, even longer than themselves, will quickly thrust out the tongue and seize the victim. In about five minutes it will have disappeared!

These remarkable teeth are formed, like the jaws, of the substance known as "chiton," the material of which the hard outer shell of an insect is formed. Those who wish to examine these "ribbons" can do so by carefully slitting open the head from above, and cutting down till the radula is seen as a silvery band; but the pouch from which the ribbon starts must be slit up so that the whole can be laid out flat. If mounted in Canada Balsam and examined with a polariscope in conjunction with a selenite plate, they present a most gorgeous play of colours as the analysing prism is rotated. Some, with small species, boil the whole body gently in weak potash till only the radula is left. But in all cases, of course, a microscope is necessary to reveal the teeth.

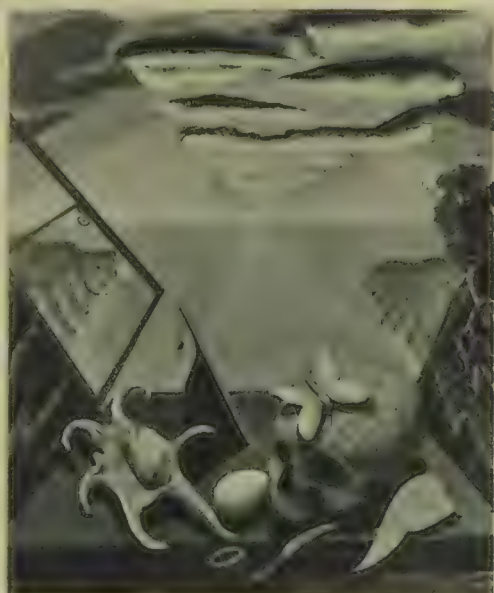


FIG. 3. SYMMETRICAL IN ARRANGEMENT: PART OF THE TONGUE OF A WHELK (HIGHLY MAGNIFIED). In this case the specimen is seen as under polarized light—though the play of colours is wanting. But the central tooth and the lateral teeth are well shown.

THE ART THAT IS NEW: WORKS BY MODERN PAINTERS EXHIBITED IN THREE LONDON GALLERIES.



"ROUND POND."—BY AGNES MILLAR PARKER.
(At the NEO Society's First Exhibition.)



"CASEMENT OF INFINITY."—BY LEON UNDERWOOD.
(At the NEO Society's First Exhibition.)



"PORTRAIT DE FEMME."—BY JEAN LURÇAT.
(At the Artist's First London Exhibition.)



"ENVIRONS DE DELPHES."—BY JEAN LURÇAT.
(At the Artist's First London Exhibition.)



"PERSONNAGES DANS UNE ILE."—BY JEAN LURÇAT.
(At the Artist's First London Exhibition.)



"A MIXED BUNCH."—BY W. A. CHASE.
(At the Artist's Exhibition of Flower Paintings.)



"DREAM INFINITY."—BY GRACE E. ROGERS.
(At the NEO Society's First Exhibition.)

Followers of modern art movements have much to interest them at the moment, notably the First London Exhibition of Paintings by Jean Lurçat, at Messrs. Alex. Reid and Lefèvre's Lefèvre Gallery, 1a, King Street, St. James's; and the First Exhibition of the NEO Society, at the Godfrey Phillips Galleries, Duke Street St. James's. Both of these are in being and are attracting considerable discussion. Attention may be called also to the Exhibition of Flower Paintings by William A.

Chase, which will be opened at the Raeburn Gallery, Duke Street, St. James's Square, on May 19. Jean Lurçat, it should be added, was born in Paris on July 1, 1892. Works by him are in a large number of private collections and famous public galleries. It has been written of him: "His pictures open up new horizons, stretching far beyond the perceptions of the physical eye into the domain of mental emotions—fata morganas of the mind."

THE WEDGWOOD BICENTENARY: EARLY AND MODERN EXAMPLES FROM A FAMOUS POTTERY.



WITH GREEN GLAZE—WEDGWOOD'S FIRST IMPORTANT DISCOVERY (1759) DURING HIS PARTNERSHIP WITH WHIELDON: A TEAPOT IN CAULIFLOWER DESIGN MADE AT BURSLEM, 1764.



A TEAPOT IN BLACK BASALT WITH ENCAUSTIC PAINTING, MADE BY WEDGWOOD AT ETRURIA IN 1786: A GIFT FROM WEDGWOOD TO GEORGE BARNETT ON THE BIRTH OF TWINS IN 1788.



MADE BY WHIELDON AND WEDGWOOD AT FENTON LOW IN 1757, AND DUG UP ON THE SITE IN 1926: A TEAPOT IN COLOURED CLAYS.



ONE OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD'S MOST IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENTS IN POTTERY: JASPER WARE—AN EXAMPLE WITH CLASSICAL DESIGNS.



A REPLICA OF THE CELEBRATED PORTLAND VASE: ONE OF WEDGWOOD'S COPIES WHICH ENABLED THE ORIGINAL TO BE RECONSTRUCTED AFTER IT WAS SMASHED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



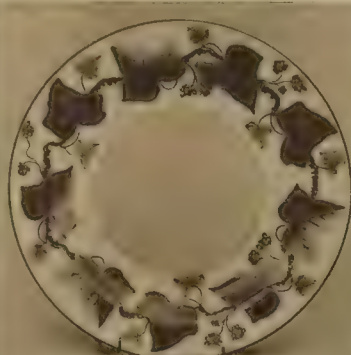
ONE OF SIX PIECES "THROWN" BY WEDGWOOD HIMSELF ON THE OPENING OF HIS ETRURIA WORKS, JUNE 13, 1769: BLACK BASALT WITH ENCAUSTIC PAINT.



WITH WHITE RELIEFS MODELLED BY FLAXMAN REPRESENTING THE APOTHEOSIS OF HOMER: A WEDGWOOD VASE.



AN EXAMPLE OF ONE OF WEDGWOOD'S CHIEF DEVELOPMENTS IN POTTERY: A SPECIMEN OF BLACK BASALT WARE.



USED BY NAPOLEON AT SAINT HELENA: A WEDGWOOD PLATE MADE IN 1815, WITH PAINTED IVY BORDER.



TWENTIETH-CENTURY HAND-PAINTING AT ETRURIA: A MODERN WEDGWOOD PLATE.



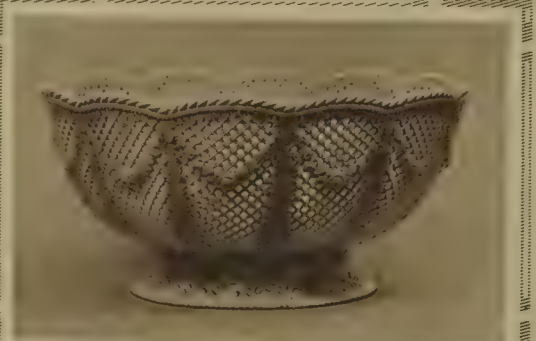
MADE BY WEDGWOOD IN 1786, AND GIVEN BY HIM TO GEORGE BARNETT IN 1788: A JUG DESCRIBED AS "CREAM IN BLACK BASALT WITH ENCAUSTIC PAINTING."



A HYGIENIC EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PIPE, ORIGINALLY USED WITH REED-STEMS: A WEDGWOOD JASPER BOWL (FITTED WITH A MODERN MOUTH-PIECE).



WEDGWOOD JASPER BY A MODERN ARTIST: A MEDALLION BY MISS DORIS ZINKEISEN, AWARDED A SILVER MEDAL AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1924.



WEDGWOOD PIERCED WARE IN CREAM COLOUR: A FINE MODERN EXAMPLE OF THIS TYPE OF POTTERY MADE EARLY IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.

Arrangements have been made to celebrate the bicentenary of the birth of Josiah Wedgwood, the famous potter, on an international scale. There is to be a "Wedgwood Week" at Stoke-on-Trent this month, and in London a special loan exhibition of Wedgwood ware at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Similar exhibitions have also been organised in Paris and New York. The British Museum, of course, possesses a rich array of Wedgwood pieces, including the final form of his reproduction of the Portland Vase. A historical Wedgwood exhibition is to be opened by Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, on May 19, at Hanley Museum, with a wonderful collection of early examples. A collection of modern

pottery will be shown at the King's Hall, Stoke-on-Trent, where most of the firms in the Six Towns of the Potteries have combined to make it a representative exhibition of their products. The present proprietors of the Wedgwood Potteries have organised a world competition in designs for a Wedgwood vase. We illustrate above, and on the opposite page, some interesting specimens both of early and modern Wedgwood ware. A note on the jasper pipe-head says: "The modern mouth-piece does not belong to the pipe. Originally reeds cut in the fields were dried, the pith extracted, and then placed in a vase on the hearth. Each guest chose a pipe-head and a reed. After a cool smoke the reed was burnt."

WEDGWOOD PORTRAITURE: THE GREAT POTTER AND HIS WORK.



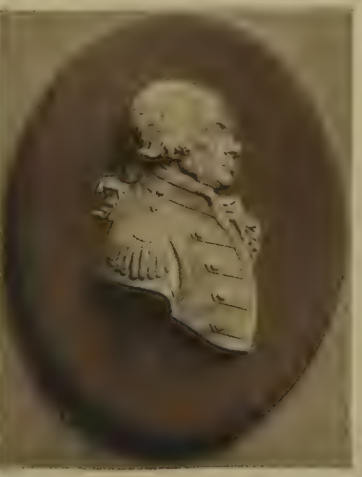
THE FAMOUS POTTER: JOSIAH WEDGWOOD (1730-1795)—A PORTRAIT BY GEORGE STUBBS, R.A.



WEDGWOOD'S CHIEF MODELLER FOR MANY YEARS: JOHN FLAXMAN—A SELF-PORTRAIT IN A TERRA-COTTA MEDALLION.



A FAMOUS ADMIRAL PORTRAYED IN WEDGWOOD WARE: A PORTRAIT MEDALLION OF LORD ST. VINCENT.



ANOTHER NAVAL CELEBRITY IMMORTALISED IN "WEDGWOOD": A PORTRAIT MEDALLION OF ADMIRAL LORD HOWE.



WEDGWOOD AND HIS WIFE, WITH THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTERS, ONE OF WHOM BECAME THE MOTHER OF CHARLES DARWIN: A PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE WEDGWOOD FAMILY, BY STUBBS.



"PHÆTON'S CHARIOT": A WALL PLAQUE IN WEDGWOOD JASPER MODELLED AND EXECUTED BY GEORGE STUBBS, R.A.



"MERCURY JOINING THE HANDS OF FRANCE AND BRITAIN": A PLAQUE DESIGNED BY JOHN FLAXMAN FOR WEDGWOOD TO COMMEMORATE AN ANGLO-FRENCH COMMERCIAL TREATY OF 1787.



A PORTRAIT MEDALLION OF NELSON, IN WHITE ON A BLUE BACKGROUND: ONE OF THE FAMOUS WEDGWOOD SERIES OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CELEBRITIES.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: A FINE WEDGWOOD PORTRAIT MEDALLION OF THE FAMOUS AMERICAN STATESMAN AND DIPLOMATIST.

Josiah Wedgwood, born in 1730, was the thirteenth and youngest child of Thomas Wedgwood, owner of the Churchyard Pottery Works, Burslem. About 1751 he was taken into partnership by Thomas Whieldon, a master potter of Fenton. In 1759 Wedgwood started his own career as a master potter at the Ivy House Works, Burslem (long since demolished), and experimented with cream colour ware—later called "Queen's Ware" when (1765) he became Potter to the Queen. During 1763-9 he rented the Brick House and Works, Burslem. In 1764 he married his cousin, Sarah Wedgwood, with the happiest results. It was she

who insisted that every teapot must be pleasant "in the hand." In 1768 Wedgwood entered into partnership with his friend Thomas Bentley, who took charge of the London show-rooms; and the following year saw the opening of the Etruria Works, the magnificent Staffordshire factory where, after 160 years, Queen's ware, black basalt, and jasper (Wedgwood's three chief pottery developments) are still produced, in the moulds designed by Flaxman, Tassie, Hackwood, Lady Templeton, Lady Diana Beauclerk, and other artists. The name Etruria was suggested by the Etruscan relics brought to England by Sir William Hamilton.

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WITH PRIMROSE WALLS AND CEILING: THE UNUSUAL DINING-ROOM WHICH HAS A TABLE OF SYNTHETIC MARBLE IN LAPIS AND GOLD AND STRIKING CENTRE LIGHTS.



THE GATEWAY FROM DINING-ROOM TO LOUNGE: THE GATES ARE DETACHABLE AND ARE OF WROUGHT-IRON AND GLASS FROSTED IN THE SAME DESIGN. THE ARCHWAY IS MOST EFFECTIVE.



SHOWING THE WINDOW LIT FROM BEHIND: AN EFFECT OF PERMANENT SUNLIGHT OBTAINED BY HIDDEN LIGHTING BETWEEN THE WINDOW PANE AND TRANSPARENT CURTAIN.

EVERY "new art" is regarded at first with suspicion and compared unfavourably with the old. After a few years, its exaggerations are discarded, and the best features remain. In interior decoration, a subject which interests everyone, "modernistic" designs came in with a blare of jazz wall-papers, a riot of vivid colours, and odd furniture in restless designs. This, in turn, has become old-fashioned, but has given place to a definite "modern period" that is an artistic blend of simplicity in line, charming colourings, and originality of design that does not sacrifice beauty to sensation. A striking proof of the acceptance everywhere of this new "period" of decoration is embodied in the fact that those famous antique decorators and furnishers, Trollope and Sons, whose name is known to all who love beautiful old houses and furniture, have extended their activities in this new direction, and are entirely responsible for the perfectly designed modern

[Continued opposite.]



THE CHARMING LOUNGE WITH WALLS AND CEILING A FAINT MUSHROOM PINK: BOOKCASES ARE INSET IN THE WALLS AND IN THE TABLE, WHICH HAS ALSO A CUPBOARD (SEEN IN UPPER PICTURE) AND KNEE RECESS.

[Continued.]

flat photographed here. Unfortunately, it is impossible to convey the exquisite colourings of the walls and ceilings, the soft primrose of the dining-room that looks like continuous spring sunshine, the elusive pinky-beige of the lounge, and the soft rose of the bed-room. The lighting in each room is particularly good. The central dining-room fitting consists of four slender tubes of light decorated with dull green, reflecting the colouring of the table, which is synthetic green marble with markings of gold. The bath-room has quaint "book lights," flat panes of glass arranged like an open book, with the light gilding the edges. The side mirror has inset panels of glass which are lit from behind. These rooms may be inspected at this firm's premises at West Halkin Street, S.W., where the actual designing is carried out and where there is a staff of "modern" experts, one of whom travels continuously to keep in touch with the latest improvements in modern decoration of Paris and Berlin.



A BATH-ROOM OF SHELL-PINK MARBLE: THE "BOOK LIGHTS" AT EACH CORNER AND THE PANEL OF LIGHT SHINING THROUGH THE SIDE-MIRROR ABOVE THE BASIN ARE UNIQUE FEATURES.



THE BED-ROOM WITH CORNERS TRANSFORMED INTO FITTED WARDROBES: EACH CORNER HAS A DOOR OF CORRUGATED CEDARWOOD INLAID WITH PEWTER, ONE OF WHICH IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROOM. THE DRESSING-TABLE IS LIT FROM THE FLOOR, AND LIGHT SHINES THROUGH THE CEILING.



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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: AN EXHIBITION OF EARLY JADE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

proof of the refinement and subtlety of religious beliefs. At the same time, it is impossible to resist the conclusion noted by Dr. Laufer, who is the great authority upon jade, especially from the archaeological point of view, that this, the Kuei

tablets carved in the form of a dragon were used in prayers for rain; girdle-clasps and buckles were carved with dragon-heads.

WHILE I was lazily turning over the pages of "Hakluyt's Voyages," partly for my pleasure and partly to counteract the effect of a novel written in the latest slang ("too bogus, my dears"), I came across the following sentence: "The people of China are Gentiles, and are so jealous and fearfull, that they would not have a stranger to put his foot within their land." The next day brought news of a forthcoming exhibition at Bluett and Sons' which illustrates in a remarkable manner some of the earliest religious beliefs of this "jealous and fearfull" people, and also the range and quality of their artistic genius as expressed in the material which was, in their eyes, the most precious of talismans. This exhibition comprises the collection of jade objects belonging to Mr. K. C. Wong, of Shanghai. Much of it was inherited by



FIG. 1. HORSE AND RIDER: AN AMUSING GROUP IN CHINESE JADE.

There is a natural temptation on the part of most owners of, and dealers in, early Chinese objects to date their possessions as far back as possible—sometimes, indeed, to strain probability to breaking point. It is only right to point out that the catalogue of the Wong collection is marked by rare and refreshing modesty. Mr. Wong is a very great authority, but he writes as follows in a prefatory note: "The particular period in which they have been used is given for most of the articles, determining their antiquity, while that for the others is left out. For example, such objects as the tube-shaped pendent ornaments were in use from the Chou to the Han periods . . . while others, such as the girdle-clasps, carvings of animals, etc., were known from the Chou down to Tang and Sung periods. It is therefore rather difficult to give their exact ages, and, rather than give incorrect and arbitrary periods,



FIG. 2. "AN EASILY UNDERSTANDABLE TYPE OF SUBJECT": A JADE FIGURE OF A HORSE (1 INCH HIGH).

All Photographs by Courtesy of Messrs. Bluett and Sons.

the present owner, while the remainder has been gradually acquired during the past thirty years either from other Chinese collections or from excavations in the interior. There are 527 items—an embarrassing, even formidable, array—so that a short notice can do no more than hint at their variety.

Hakluyt is perhaps an odd source for light upon one aspect of Chinese religion, yet his chronicle of 1590 is admirably authenticated in at least one particular by several pieces from this twentieth-century exhibition: "The king followeth in religion especially the opinions of the Magistrates, attributing divine power unto heaven and earth as unto the parents of all, and with great solemnity sacrificing unto them."

Look at the last illustration on this page (Fig. 4). Its symbolism is obscure in the extreme to Western eyes, yet from time immemorial this type has been an important and sacred object of ritual. It represents the heavens; another type represents the earth; and, as is explained in the excellent preface to the catalogue, the ancient conception of heaven as circular and of the earth as square or rectangular is perpetuated in the form of the two temples at Peking dedicated respectively to the worship of the two cosmic deities. The temple of heaven has a circular altar, while the deity of earth was worshipped at a square altar in the northern temple. It is said that there were certain types of the circular object with square central perforations, which, combined with the circular exterior, symbolised the dual character of the ritual. Fig. 4 is said to be of great antiquity (the Chou Dynasty—1122-255 B.C.), and is in itself sufficient

Pi, has its origin in that immemorial symbolism of primitive man which we refer to as phallicism.

Other similar discs (pi), of equal antiquity, are decorated with dragons, that favourite and benevolent creature which can be said almost to dominate Chinese art throughout the centuries. It is the symbol of fertilising rain, of the spirit of the waters, and is especially supplicated in times of drought or flood. So jade



FIG. 3. WITH MI-LO FO, THE CHINESE COUNTERPART OF THE JAPANESE GOD OF CONTENTMENT (HOTEI) IN THE CENTRE: A JADE GROUP OF "JOLLY PERSONAGES."

I have deemed it advisable to omit giving any, which I trust will be considered the correct course."

Those who find the type of object I have mentioned too austere for their taste will find any number of later and more easily understandable carvings, such as the beautiful little horse of Fig. 2, the charming group in Fig. 1, or the jolly personages of Fig. 3. The smiling fat man in the centre is known to most people by his Japanese name of Hotei—the god of contentment. Under the name of Mi-Lo Fo the Chinese revere him as the Maitreya, or coming Buddha, and he has been added by them to the list of Arhats, or apostles of Buddha.

In both China and Japan he is usually shown surrounded by playful children. His Japanese partner, as it were, in popular affection is Daikoku, who is the god of prosperity rather than of contentment. Unlike the cheerful philosopher Hotei, he appears with a hat on his head as a sign of respectability and substance, holding a mallet to signify work, and standing on bags of rice as a sign of wealth.

These, and other examples like them, are a long way from the severe symbolism of the ancient pieces, but are no less illustrative of the beliefs of one of the world's greatest and most enduring civilisations, which could write as follows of this most beautiful material—

Benevolence lies in its gleaming surface,
Knowledge in its luminous quality,
Uprightness in its unyieldingness,
Power in its harmlessness,
Purity of soul in its rarity and spotlessness,
Eternity in its durability.



FIG. 4. THE SYMBOL OF HEAVEN: THE KUEI PI—WHITE JADE WITH REDDISH-BROWN MARKING CARVED WITH RICE-GRAIN PATTERN. (CHOU PERIOD, 1122-255 B.C.)

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

EVERY collector of fine gramophone records should obtain the last of the late Enrico Caruso's recordings, which bears on one side a charming love song in French, "The First Caress," and on the other a classical aria, "The Sombre Forest" ("H.M.V." D.A. 1097). An enchanting melody, Zeller's "Nightingale Song," rendered by Elisabeth Schumann in English, with delightful orchestral effects, is on "H.M.V." E. 552. In view of the recent visit to London of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, there is likely to be a large demand for their performance of the Scherzo from Bruckner's "Romantic" Symphony; "H.M.V." C1789. Two pretty numbers, "Carissima" and "Salut d'Amour," composed and conducted by Sir Edward Elgar, and played by the New Symphony Orchestra, are on "H.M.V." E547. The volume and precision obtainable from a band of massed mandolines may be realised by listening to the renderings of two marches, "Entry of the Gladiators" and "The Amazon's Ride," performed by the Dortmund Mandoline Concert Society, conducted by Theodor Ritter; "H.M.V." B3344.

Ambrose and his Orchestra, who have just signed a £50,000 contract for two years with the May Fair Hotel, now record for "His Master's Voice," and the excellent rhythm of their dance playing is emphasised in four fox-trots from the three films, "The Grand Parade," "Be Yourself," and "Spring is Here"—Nos. B5813 and B5814.

Of new instrumental pieces by "H.M.V.," another notable creation is Levitzki's playing of the ever-popular "Marche Militaire," the Schubert composition, which is always demanded at Levitzki's concerts (No. D1809). Mark Hambourg, with the Symphony Orchestra, has played for four records of Beethoven's Concerto No. 3 in C minor, one of the most delightful and easily appreciated of that master's works. These are on records Nos. C1865 to C1868. "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" (Rimsky-Korsakov), "Songs Without Words in D" (Mendelssohn), and "Songs My Mother Taught Me" (Dvořák), have been played for "H.M.V." by Pablo Casals, the famous 'cellist (D.B. 1399).

Lovers of organ music will be interested in two recordings played by Reginald Goss-Custard on the new instrument at Alexandra Palace. On one side is "1620" ("Sea Pieces"—Book 1), by MacDowell; and on the other, "A Forest Melody" (Phillips), "H.M.V." B3336.

All the important names of the modern Russian School are now on Columbia recordings—Tchaikowsky, Borodine, Rimsky-Korsakov—and now Glazounov, whose "Seasons" Ballet has just been issued on three records bearing "Winter," "Spring," and "Summer," played by the orchestra, conducted by Glazounov himself. The ballet for which this music was composed is by Marius Petipa. It consists of one act divided into four scenes. In "Winter" are "The Frost," "The Ice," "The Hail," and "The Snow," depicted vividly in the music by wood-wind, trumpets, bells, celesta, harp, violins, and 'cellos—not forgetting a crisp roll on the side-drum to suggest "hail." The oboe in "Snow," followed by a harp solo, suggests the scurrying of flakes.

In "Spring," the chief characters are a zephyr, birds, and flowers, and these are portrayed in a series of instrumental "frolics" by the orchestra. In "Summer" (which includes "Waltz of the Corn-flowers and Poppies," "Barcarolle," "Variation," and "Coda") there is a spirited waltz suggesting Naiads, and later, Water refreshing the Flowers. All of the movements have been beautifully recorded. (Nos. LX16-LX18.) The richness of the 'cello is brought out with vivid faithfulness in a new Columbia record by W. H. Squire, whose sonorous tones, flowing easily and gracefully, are, on this record, limited to a moderately small compass in the familiar "Air," on G string, by Bach; and on the reverse, Schumann's "Abendlied," both arranged by Squire, the second item being accompanied by Pattman playing the organ at the Central Hall, Westminster (No. LX23).

"The Three Musketeers," the new success at Drury Lane, is brought to the gramophone by a fine selection played by the Court Symphony Orchestra under Herman Finck. It contains the six leading numbers, including the stirring "March of the Musketeers" (Columbia No. DX40). The organ at the Central Hall, Westminster, also figures in a new Columbia record, introducing the great Dutch organist, Anton van der Horst, who plays a brilliant two-part interpretation of Bach's "Toccata in F," and gives organ-lovers a new thrill. The music is marvellous in its realism, especially when heard through the medium of an electrical reproducer.

That accomplished singer, Miss Gladys Lack, and Mr. Percival Garratt, solo pianist, were heard to great advantage at the Grotian Hall on the 12th. Their joint recital was in aid of the Warehousemen, Clerks, and Drapers' Schools. Miss Lack sang works by Brahms, Duparc, Gabriel Fauré, Charles Koechlin, Ernest Moret, Martin Shaw, John Ireland, C. V. Stanford, Herbert Ferrers, Gerrard Williams, and Arnold Bax.

The 1930 edition of that important and interesting work, the "Annuaire National des Syndicats d'Initiatives," published by the Union des Fédérations des Syndicats d'Initiatives "Essi," contains all information for visiting France and staying at French health resorts. It also contains a list of over 3000 places of interest. This year-book can be obtained by the public from the Bureau National de Renseignements de Tourisme, 101, Avenue des Champs Elysées (temporary entrance: 53, Avenue George V.), Paris, an organisation which furnishes free of charge disinterested information to those intending to visit or stay in France.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

(Continued from Page 880.)

Sometimes the timbre was as suave as Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson's, sometimes as thunderous as Mounet-Sully in paroxysmal ecstasy. His flouting of the King after the Players' scene was the high-water mark of his forcibility—there rained brimstone and hell-fire on the stage. But Hamlet, for all his vociferation, was, in his reading, a weakling, a man of indecision, and the upheaval, in reaction, ended in woeful dissolution. If I were to classify him, I would call him the "waverer"—in whatever he did he manifested the impact between wild impulse and introspection. The impulses lifted him beyond his surroundings; the introspection conveyed the impression of one who battles vainly with his inherent weakness. I wonder whether his conception has remained unchanged? Perhaps the years have induced him to solidify it; to make his Hamlet less eruptive and less inclined towards the other extreme. But, whatever it be, his Hamlet was—and no doubt will be—one of magnificent structure and profound introspection; and one—so his admirers who were contemporaries of Salvini say—worthy to be named in the same breath as the greatest of them all.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"DISHONOURED LADY," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

THIS is a theatrical piece of work that starts off slowly, but works up to a very effective third act. It is so well produced by Mr. Raymond Massey that it carries conviction as a whole, even though one is unable to believe in any of the characters as individuals. Madeleine Cary claims to be the victim of heredity; her father is a drunkard, her mother an abandoned woman. She has a sisterly affection for Robert Brennan, a Scotsman who supports her for three years without demanding anything in return; a deep and true love for the Marquess of Farnborough, a shadowy figure whose part is mainly composed of exits and entrances; and an ignoble passion for José Moreno, a Spanish cabaret singer. Threatened with exposure by Moreno on the eve of her wedding to the Marquess, Madeleine poisons him with some strychnine drops used by her father. José is an unconscionable time dying, and had his agony been halved it would have been twice as effective. The next act is good drama. Madeleine is interrogated in her own home by the District Attorney. Mr. Hartley Power



IN A LONDON EXHIBITION OF OLD ENGLISH SPORTING PICTURES: "CHANGING HORSES TO THE MAIL COACH," ONE OF A SET OF FOUR COLOURED PRINTS. The two illustrations on this page represent items in a very interesting collection of Old English Sporting Paintings and Prints on view at the galleries of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann and Son, Ltd., 157, New Bond Street, W.1. The above print was purchased from an old castle in Germany. Beneath the title are the words: "Published August 15, 1815, by R. Pollard Holloway, near London." The coach is inscribed "Gloucester and London Royal."

plays this rôle with immense power, and suggests very finely friendship struggling vainly against a sense of duty. The strain of this pitiless cross-examination is so well shown by Miss Fay Compton that for the first time sympathy is aroused for Madeleine. To prove an alibi, she declared she had spent the night of the murder with Robert Brennan, and perjury on a heroic scale secures her eventual acquittal. She returns a sad, depressed figure, to find her father about to hide his dishonoured head on the Continent; that her Scots friend feels the need of some less exacting society, and proposes to return to his wife; while the Marquess has resolved to return



ON VIEW AT THE ACKERMANN GALLERIES: HOUNDS IN FULL CRY AND THE FIELD TAKING A STONE WALL—AN OIL PAINTING BY R. D. WIDDAS.

to London. And so the curtain falls, with Madeleine a solitary figure on the stage, gazing reproachfully at the portrait of her mother—the cause of all the trouble. Miss Fay Compton, Mr. Hartley Power, and Mr. Nigel Bruce gave very fine performances. The play is "good theatre" likely to succeed.

"OUR OSTRICHES," AT THE ROYALTY.

Propaganda to be effective on the stage should be subsidiary to the drama. Here, unfortunately, it is not. One believes neither in Dr. Marie Stopes' "society butterflies" (which is how they refer to themselves), who flit gaily through the Park in the first act, nor the woman in the throes of childbirth in the second, who has no neighbours to come to her help. The third act, however—a meeting of the Commission on Birth Control—is excellent. The figures of the celibate priests and professors and foolish virgins, who form the quorum may be caricatures, but they have a disagreeably sardonic relation to life. Messrs. Kinsey Peile, Fred W. Permain, Arthur Vezin, and Misses Katie Johnson and May Haysac did excellently in this scene. A sincere play dealing with a difficult problem.



What couldn't I do to a lager!



There's life in a glass of Barclay's! Crisp as a back-hand drive that cuts the grass on the baseline! Creamy as apple blossom! Bright with bubbles that ring the glass with silver! Cool as an iceberg! That's Barclay's Lager, the brew that thirsts were born for!

Light or Dark—the drink for a lordly thirst

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

NEW PRODUCTIONS AT COVENT GARDEN.

I HAVE already written of the opening performance of the first cycle of the "Ring" at Covent Garden this season, and before commenting on the later sections of the tetralogy I wish to refer to the brilliant production of Johann Strauss's celebrated light opera, "Die Fledermaus," which was given for the first time for very many years in this country on Tuesday, May 6.

"Die Fledermaus" occupies a unique position in music. It is the only opera written by a composer whose reputation was made by writing dance music which is universally esteemed by all the great musicians of Europe. Everybody has heard of Johann Strauss, the Waltz King, whose "Blue Danube" and other waltzes spread all over the world, but few people know that he composed many operettas, and that his masterpiece, "Die Fledermaus," is constantly performed in Germany. It was this Johann Strauss of whom the famous anecdote is told that Brahms once sent to a friend a postcard on which he had written the theme of one of Strauss's waltzes, and underneath it these words: "Unfortunately, not by Brahms."

And yet "Die Fledermaus," like Bizet's "Carmen"—a work which it resembles in being outside the ordinary operatic category—was a failure when first produced in 1874. It has since well made up for that failure, and, as Mr. Bruno Walter says in his admirable programme note: "It apparently possesses for all time a kind of magic virtue which ensures for it the love and enthusiasm of the whole world, not merely of the world which fills the theatre, but of everyone connected with the stage." It is a work of enchanting lightness and gaiety, and I do not know a better description of it than Mr. Bruno Walter's when he says that its qualities are "beauty without heaviness, levity without vulgarity, gaiety without frivolity, and a strange mixture of exuberant musical richness (somewhat resembling Schubert) and popular simplicity . . . happiness flows from this work, and this happiness, this slight intoxication as of champagne, is contained in the immortal melodies of this most typically Viennese of geniuses."

Naturally, a work of such a kind requires the most polished and intelligent production. One might have thought, when perusing the cast before the performance, that such powerful Wagnerian singers as Lotte

(Continued in Column 3.)

CHESS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

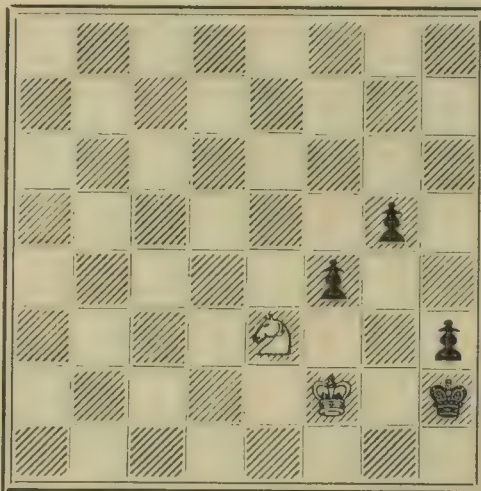
SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XLI.

[2kr3r; pp4pr; 4S3; 2b1PsBr; 3q1Pp; 8; PP2Q1PP; RS3R1K.]

White played: 18. Kt×Q; and Janowski (Black) exterminated him as follows: 18.—KtKt6ch; 19. P×Kt, P×P dis. ch; 20. KKt, B×Ktch; 21. RB2, B×Rch; 22. Q×B, RQ8ch; 23. QBr, RR8ch; 24. K×R, R×Q mate.

GAME PROBLEM No. XLIII.

BLACK (4 pieces).



WHITE (2 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 8; 8; 8; 6pr; 5p2; 4S2p; 5Krk; 8.]

White to play and mate in five moves.

The above position is an actual ending won by Janowski, and will serve as a corollary to No. XXXIX, "The Unwanted Knight."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W B TRUMPER (Llanbadach).—In Game Problem No. XLI, 18.—B×Kt is not sufficient; QB4ch being a good answer.

J M K LUPTON (Richmond).—Your solution to No. 4068 puzzles us, as there is no rook on K4. You are usually so accurate that we can only suppose that it is the correct solution to some other problem!

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4064 received from Geo. Parbury J.P. (Singapore); of No. 4066 from J C Cooper, jun. (Jacksonville, Fla.), A Carington-Smith (Quebec), and R Hambleton (Hong Kong); and of No. 4067 from H Richards (Hove), M Heath, E J Gibbs (London), A Carington-Smith (Quebec), H Burgess (St. Leonards), R B Cooke (Portland, Me.), J M K Lupton (Richmond), and Julio Mond (Seville).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XXXIX, received from Geo. Parbury (Singapore); of No. XL from J W Smedley (Brooklyn) and C H Battey (Prov., R.I.) (one solution); and of No. XLI from Dr. Adridge-Green (London), L W Cafferata (Newark), Julio Mond (Seville), H Richards (Hove); and, partly correct, from J Barry Brown (Naas).

(Continued.)

Lehmann, Maria Olczewska, and Eduard Habich, coming straight out of their gigantic rôles in the "Ring," were hardly the singers and actors to do justice to this sparkling and iridescent comedy in music. It was with a shock of delighted surprise, therefore, that one witnessed their brilliant performance in this opera. The acting was superb, with an unflinching lightness and swiftness that one does not find in this country, unfortunately, associate with operatic performances. The performance of Willi Wörle as the giddy Gabriel von Eisenstein was brilliant in every respect; Eduard Habich was magnificently comic as the drunken Frosch; and these, with Lotte Lehmann, Elizabeth Schumann, and Maria Olczewska, gave one of the most brilliant displays of polished teamwork that has been seen on a London stage for many a day.

The whole production owed a great deal to Mr. Bruno Walter, who conducted, and who has the advantage of having heard the finest performances of "Die Fledermaus" ever given under Gustav Mahler and Artur Nikisch. As Mr. Walter says: "No work has more to fear than this from habitual routine, which, without the most delicate purity in the style of execution, would result in an unintelligible dance fantasy"; and it was just that indispensable sense of style which Mr. Walter and his singers and actors achieved in this memorable production.

Of the performances, in the first cycle of the "Ring," of "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried," there is not much that is new to be said. Most of the principals were repeating their rôles of last year. Mr. Lauritz Melchior seems to have improved all round, and his Siegmund and Siegfried are among the very best performances of the parts in Europe to-day. Mr. Ivar Andresen was a magnificent Hunding, and there was an excellent new Mime in the person of Heinrich Tessmer. A new Erda, Anna Tibell, sang well, but the Waldvogel was the least intelligible in diction, although her voice was good, that I have ever heard; so that it seemed even more miraculous than usual that Siegfried should have understood what the bird was singing.

W. J. TURNER.

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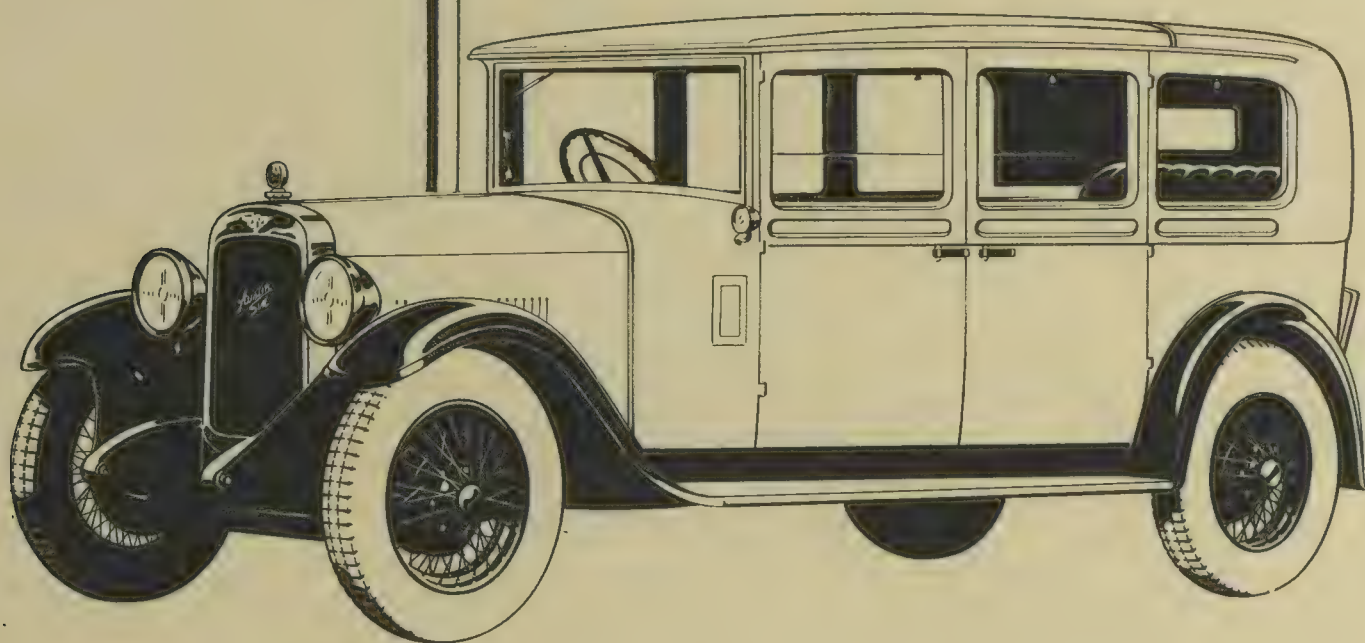
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**"19,683 miles since last decarbonising
— still averaging over 40 miles per hour!"**

Owner Report No. 312; Car No. 1798; Engine No. E6 pl 1856.6; Registered No. P.G. 49; Delivery Date June 1929.*

Austin owners are few and far between whose cars are not giving satisfaction beyond what they had expected. Here is the observation of an owner of an Austin "Twenty" whose car is in constant daily use: Since last the engine was decarbonised, the car has covered 19,683 miles.

Further—the engine shows no sign of needing decarbonisation. In fact, the owner says, "*it pulls better than ever and the car, a heavy limousine, averages forty miles per hour on long cross country runs.*"

No sign of stress or engine reluctance are apparent even when, after a prolonged run, the car is given maximum throttle. The engine responds immediately, gallantly.

This is what is meant by Austin dependability.

Nor is Austin performance of this calibre cited as unusual or exceptional. It is typical of what Austin owners may expect—and obtain. For Austin's exacting precision in manufacture ensures a degree of uniformity which is almost uncanny. In short—to own an Austin of whatever type, means to possess the most dependable car in its respective class.

See your nearest Austin dealer and arrange to drive an Austin yourself, or 'phone, and a demonstration car will be brought to your door, without the slightest obligation on your part.

**Remember.. This is an Austin owner's experience. No specially made tests are published in this series of reports.*

*The "Twenty" Ranelagh Limousine
As Illustrated*

£630

Six-cylinder. 20 h.p. Seats seven persons. The adjustable screen behind driver's seat enables the car to be owner or chauffeur driven. Upholstery is in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Equipment includes 'Biflex' magnetically operated dip and switch headlights, luggage carrier, Triplex glass, chromium plating, Dunlop tyres.

Other "Twenty" Models.

Open Road 7-seater	- - - - -	£530
Marlborough Landaulet	- - - - -	£560
Carlton Saloon	- - - - -	*£560
Fabric Saloon (with division)	- - - - -	£630

(*Sliding Sunshine Roof £10 extra.)

READ THE AUSTIN
MAGAZINE 4d. every month.

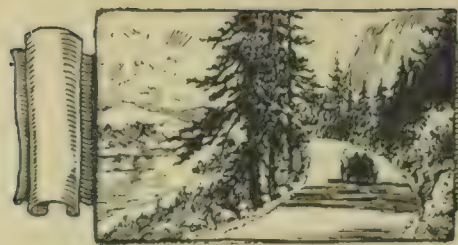
AUSTIN



The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.



IT has come to a pretty state of affairs in road manners when a motoring journal suggests that private-car owners should not be allowed on a main road unless they are prepared to hustle along at, "say, thirty miles per hour," the kind of speed normally practised by the average car driver! It is true that in the U.S.A. some States have ordered a minimum speed for vehicles on certain highways, but to thrust that sort of instruction on our people would be wrong. Instead, a general traffic instruction that cars driving slowly from ten to fifteen miles an hour should keep close to the left-hand side or kerb of the road, would guard against faster traffic taking risks in passing slower cars—the point which provoked the remarks in the aforesaid weekly journal.

I am writing these lines prior to the discussion on "Road Design and Safety" at the Royal Automobile Club on May 16, initiated by Sir Henry Maybury, the Chairman of the Highways Committee of the Club. Therefore, I do not know on what lines this talk will proceed. At the same time there are two faults that lead to drivers occupying the crown of the road when they should be driving on its left-hand side. One is due to the car design that prevents the driver properly seeing the edge of the near-side wing, so as to gauge the distance accurately between the edge of the road and the car wheels on the near-

at Inchinnan, Renfrew, near Glasgow. These tyres have gained some popularity since their manufacture in Great Britain to escape paying the McKenna Duties as imported U.S. products. Now the British company has bought out the American interests—I noticed Sir George May, Chairman of the

a matter of congratulation for the 1000 workpeople now employed in it. Mr. James Brown, High Commissioner for Scotland, also proffered congratulations to the directors, and particularly to Mr. A. M. Melville, the managing director. The latter is a Glasgow man, and originally held the U.S.A. India Tyre concession for Scotland. Now he manages its making, besides looking after the selling side of the business. As these new works consistently recruit the majority of the operatives from the ranks of unemployed miners, they largely help to relieve distress in this district. Also, mostly men are employed.

Mr. Melville stated on this occasion that he and those with him were determined to make the finest tyre in the world, not simply to compete in price with every other make, but to satisfy the motorist that a first-grade article with longer life and service is worth while buying even if the price is a little higher. India tyres are now being made at the rate of 1500 per day at Inchinnan. All the guests inspected the process of making, and also enjoyed the luncheon and tea provided by their hosts. It certainly was a big occasion, and very well organised, so the company should benefit by additional business through this "personal attendance" form of advertising the merits of their product.

Summer Shell: Multiplicity of pumps on the roadside often bewilder motorists as to what brand of petrol



WITH AN UNUSUALLY FINE SLIDING ROOF: A BARKER ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE BODY ON A 35-120-H.P. DAIMLER CHASSIS.

This car has an exceptionally fine up-to-date sliding roof constructed under the specification of Messrs. Barker and Co., the famous coachbuilders, of South Audley Street; and, by an ingenious arrangement, the back panel is duplicated, enabling the sliding portion to be recessed in the back panel to such an extent that practically the whole of the roof can be opened. At the same time, the car has the unusual quality of a dropping division window with sliding roof, thereby providing an excellent windscreen, adequately protecting the occupants of the rear seat when the roof is opened.



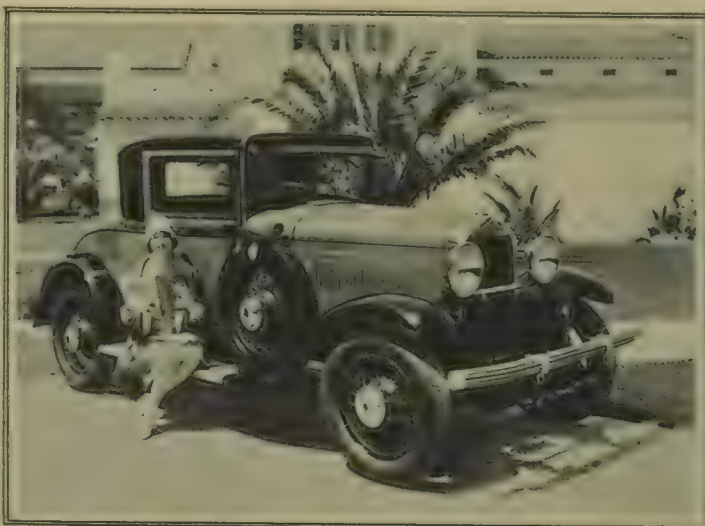
A CAPITAL CAR IN A CHARMING SETTING: AN ALVIS SALOON COUPÉ IN THE COUNTRY.

side. This fault can be remedied by fitting a "wing post"—a vertical pillar on the edge of the wing tall enough to let the driver see its ball on the top. The other fault is the excessive camber, or curve, sloping from the centre to the sides of the road. When this camber is "high," as it is technically expressed, cars driven on the extreme edge of the near-side of the road are somewhat canted, and steering is not quite so easy. Nervous drivers and inexperienced motorists shun these sloping sides, and drive on the crown of such roads as much as possible. The latest and most up-to-date concrete roads have little or no camber, so this fault does not apply to them; but there remain many roads that require flattening to make them safer for novices to drive on. Road construction to-day can be quite safe, as it does not require a high camber to drain off the water. When all our roads have lost their "dangerous curves," I rather fancy drivers will keep to their proper side of the crown, instead of on it.

New Scottish
India Tyre
Works.

Five thousand and more guests of the India Tyre and Rubber Company, Ltd., assisted the Lord Privy Seal (Mr. J. H. Thomas) at the official opening of this firm's new offices and works.

Prudential, among the guests. Consequently, the successful trading last year has increased the demand, and Mr. Thomas gladly welcomed this new factory for bringing a new industry to the Glasgow District,



A GOLDWYN "STAR" AND HER CAR: MISS JULIA FAYE, OF FILM FAME, WITH HER WILLYS-KNIGHT COUPÉ.



OPENED BY THE LORD PRIVY SEAL: THE NEW OFFICES OF THE INDIA TYRE AND RUBBER COMPANY (GREAT BRITAIN).

they really want to refill the tanks of their cars. On May 1 the Shell-Mex Company introduced a new blend of motor spirit styled "Summer Shell," for warm-day motoring. Oil companies have always recommended a thinner oil for winter and a heavier one for summer. Now the Shell Company provide alternate fuels for summer and winter. Summer petrol is a blend of Shell motor spirit with some of the volatile elements of Winter Shell subtracted from its content, and replaced with those which will maintain the mileage, give the best pulling power to the motor as well as rapid acceleration, and be an anti-knock spirit. Winter Shell contains a bigger proportion of volatile elements, to ensure quick starting, which are wasteful on warmer days, as evaporation is too quick, and so reduces the mileage capacity of the petrol in summer weather. Now the Shell-Mex firm supply motorists with a petrol for each season, and are the first distributing company to provide such alternate fuels for the use of the public.

The Duchess of Bedford and her pilots used the special Shell petrol and Golden Shell oil, also K.L.G. plugs, on her record flight to the Cape and back to England. The organisation of the Shell Company is now so complete that its representatives can provide aviators and motorists with oil and petrol suitable to their needs at all places, however inaccessible, "at

[Continued overleaf.]

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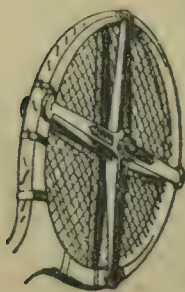
Send a postcard now for free tint card of Combinol's beautiful colours. If you wish we will send you the name of your nearest decorator who regularly uses Combinol; he will gladly tell you about its exceptional features and also about a beautiful Flat Combinol if you prefer this kind of finish.

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Continued.

the shortest notice"—to quote the usual shop placard. By the way, I must not forget to mention that Summer Shell is the same price as the ordinary Winter petrol.

New Eight-Cylinder Car.

A "straight-eight" cylinder with side-by-side valves has been added to the lines built in the U.S.A. by the Willys-Overland organisation. It is a companion car to the Willys "six," and the price of this new "eight" is £250 (at works) for the standard coupé. It is credited by those who have tested it in America with a top speed of eighty miles an hour, and to be able to accelerate from five to fifty miles an hour in 19 seconds,



ART AND COMMERCE: A FRED TAYLOR PANEL—CAMELS OF A CARAVAN ON PHILÆ—IN A FAMOUS FIRM'S "TROPICAL DEPARTMENT."

or, roughly, in 254 yards. I do not suppose this new model will come to England before the next Olympia Show in October. America's motor business is waking up, according to Colonel E. Gorrell, President of the Stutz Company. He sent me a cable recently stating that the sales of Stutz cars to-day are greater than at any time during the past eighteen and a-half months. They are 25 per cent. higher than they were previous to the American Stock Market crash. Everybody will be glad to learn that the Stutz Company is going strong, as this firm builds high-class cars—or, rather, carriages, as they are full size in wheel-base and comfort. Eight-cylinder cars are now available in all sizes and different makes. In England we have the Alvis, Arrol-Aster, Beverley Barnes, Hillman, Lanchester, and Wolseley. France offers the Amilcar, Ballot, Bugatti, De Dion, Delage, and Renault. The Fiat, Lancia, and Isotta Fraschini represent the Italian "eights"; while America offers her public no fewer than twenty-six different eight-cylinder makes of cars. At the moment England builds the smallest eight-cylinder engine on the market, as the Alvis is rated at 15 h.p. The others range from 20 to 40 h.p.

New A.A. Handbook.

The Automobile Association has issued its annual year-book for 1930. It is full of interesting information to road-users. There are up-to-date maps and a regular atlas indicating the roads covered by A.A. Scouts, and the position of all A.A. telephone-boxes. Naturally the gazetteer section of this 1930 edition of the A.A. Handbook occupies three-parts of its contents. This gives the hotel classification by "stars," five stars representing the maximum of luxury; four, a high standard of comfort; three, the ordinary standard of excellence; two, hotels where good food and clean accommodation can be obtained; while one star denotes the hotel whose resources are limited, but satisfactory in other respects. As all the cities,



A WEST INDIAN FRUIT-MARKET: A FRED TAYLOR PANEL IN A REGENT STREET "TROPICAL DEPARTMENT."

We reproduce in miniature form two of the charming decorative panels painted by Mr. Fred Taylor, R.I., for Messrs. Austin Reed's Tropical Department at their Regent Street house. The firm's Red Lacquer Room is also adorned with other scenes akin to these—scenes from Java, Burmah, India, and the Far East—so that tropical outfitting there is carried on in an atmosphere that is as realistic as it is pleasant.

towns, and villages are tabulated in alphabetical order, it is easy to find particulars of any place and its accommodation, distance from London, and neighbouring places.

Members of the A.A., by the way, can make occasional use of the Brooklands track at Weybridge at reduced fees. Tickets for this purpose can be obtained from any A.A. office. Besides ordinary road-route maps, the A.A. now issue air-route maps made under the direction of experienced pilots. The best route for every journey is selected, and alternative routes are marked wherever necessary. One can also hire maps of the main airways radiating from England. This advantage to A.A. members covers over 5000 miles of route shown by these maps, and saves buying them when only flying abroad occasionally. The Aviation Department of the A.A. also has an arrangement with the Secretary of State for Air which authorises the dropping of "message-bags" at approved A.A. roadside telephone-boxes in England, Scotland, and Wales. This enables the pilot, without landing, to have messages sent by telephone or telegram. Approved "message-bags" may be obtained, states the Handbook, for a deposit of 4s. per bag. Consequently this handbook is equally useful to the aviator as well as to the drivers of private cars and commercial vehicles. There is a section dealing with the service rendered and advantages gained for industrial motor-owners by joining the A.A., which will doubtless have the result of increasing its membership.



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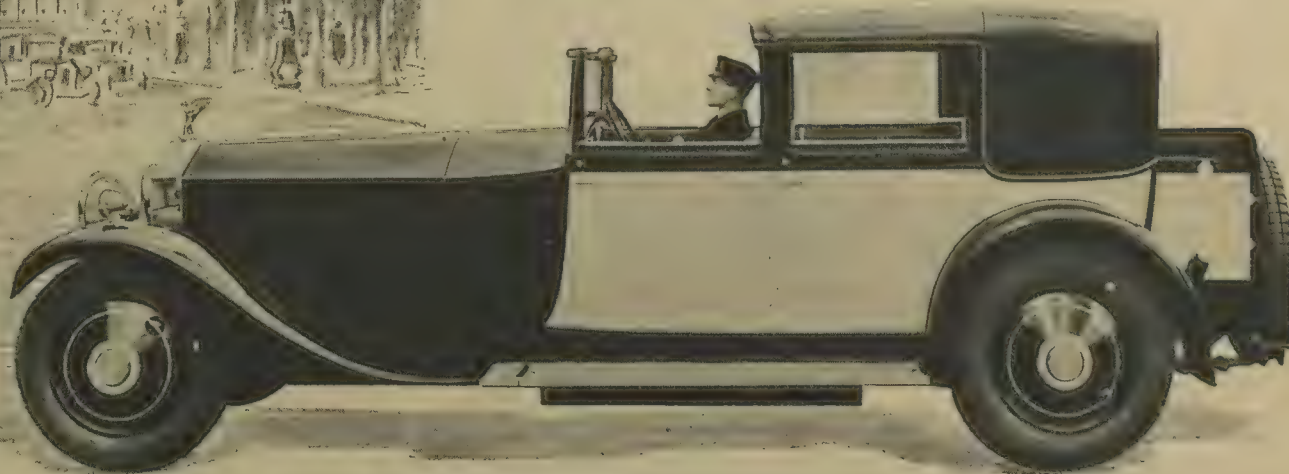
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A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE.

MARINE CARAVANNING.—LXXXI.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

THE laxity of the average owner in connection with fire-preventing and fire-fighting appliances is truly remarkable. The same might apply to house-owners in this country, many of whom place such implicit faith in the local fire-brigade that they neglect to fit fire-extinguishers in their houses as a measure of "first aid." To a large extent, the reason why so little attention is given to this subject by yachtsmen is because of the attitude of the boat-builders. Many of them have a mistaken notion that, if they mention the possibility of fire in a boat to a prospective customer, it will lose them an order for a boat. The very idea is an insult to the intelligence of buyers, and, in addition, it is not sound or honest business. The fact that fire- and boat-drill is practised regularly in passenger-ships indicates, as everyone knows, that there is a chance of a fire occurring; yet all who are able to travel overseas do so in spite of the liability, because they feel that the precautions that are taken against it are sufficient. It is true that a bad fire, when in mid-ocean, is a serious matter; but it is minimised in the average small yacht or motor-boat that never ventures far from land and outside help.

As ever, prevention is the best cure, but there are large numbers of owners who neglect to adopt many of the simple precautions that have been found effective. In the first place, the bilges should be kept spotlessly clean and free from all traces of oil, grease, petrol, or paraffin. They need not be absolutely free from water, for a little, providing it is sweet and clean, is advantageous and acts as an antidote against any smell from those regions. If large trays are fitted under the engines, with sloping bases that

drain into sumps which can be cleaned out easily, there should be no chance of any oily mixture reaching the bilges. Leaky fuel-pipe joints should be guarded against by fitting them so that they can be seen easily. As with the carburetter, it is sound practice to fit small trays under each of them that drain into some "safe" place. The relative safety of petrol as opposed to paraffin as a fuel is a much-debated point. Some say that the former is safer because, if any is spilt, it

pipes, one forward and the other aft, that reach from the deck to the bottom, and having small cowls on top which point opposite ways, so that one supplies air and the other acts as an exhaust. Some builders ventilate the bilges by fitting the carburetter air-intake with a long pipe in order to suck the air from the bilges; but this is not sound in practice, for, in the first place, ventilation is only obtained when the engines are running; and, secondly, in the event of the bilges becoming full of water from any unexpected cause, the engines might be put out of action and the mechanical bilge-pump that is driven off them become useless.

The provision of an ample supply of efficient hand fire-extinguishers is essential, whatever other precautions are taken. At least one should be in each compartment, for they are a cheap investment in the long run, as an insurance against the carelessly dropped cigarette-end or a short-circuited electric-light wire. The ideal, however, is the permanently fitted chemical system that operates automatically, such as the Lux or Foamite installations. Their initial cost may be thought too great by some, but it is not an excessive price to pay for complete peace of mind when the vessel is left at her moorings with no one on board. Fittings of this nature have become very popular in America, but, except in large craft, they are not found in many vessels in this country. The reason appears to be that they are quoted as "extras" to the price of the boat, as were self-starters in motor-cars a few

years ago. It is to be hoped, however, that an enterprising firm will arise that will include them in the price of their boats as an additional selling-point. After all, no sea-going ship is built or quoted for without fire-fighting appliances, so it appears wrong to omit them from smaller vessels. The first builder that does so should reap a rich harvest, and the insurance premium on his boats should certainly be reduced.



A NEW 136-FT. MOTOR-YACHT BUILT BY MESSRS. THORNYCROFT FOR A DANISH OWNER.

Though the owner's accommodation comprises two cabins, a study, and bath-room, there are, in addition, two double-berth cabins, two single, a maid's room, bath-room, two vestibules, a large dining-room, drawing-room, and smoking-room. Both the officers and crew are provided with bath-rooms.

evaporates quickly and is gone, whilst paraffin would soak in and make things more inflammable ever after. Personally, I look on this argument as unsound, for, if proper precautions are taken, the fuel should never be spilt. Even if the above precautions have been taken, they should not be considered sufficient without the inclusion of a good ventilation system. It is easy and inexpensive to ventilate the bilges by fitting two



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A. PERCY BRADLEY, in the "SPHERE," 12-4-30.

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This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour, and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder, and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.



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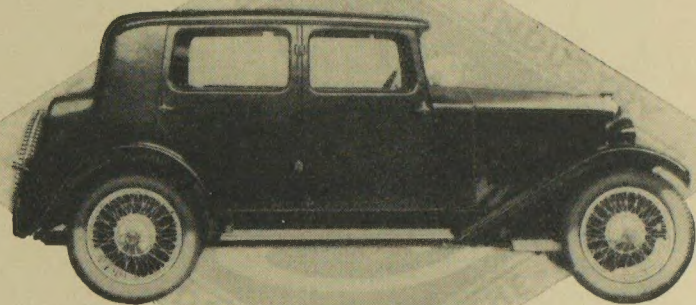
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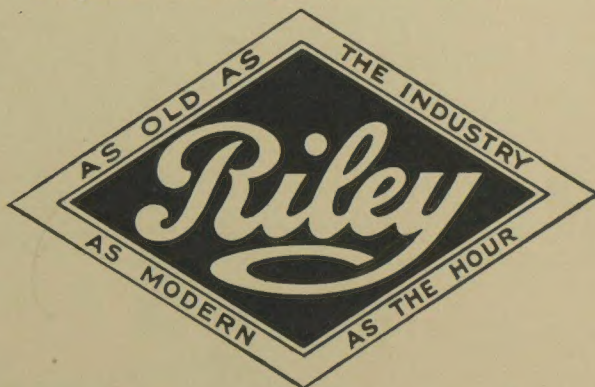
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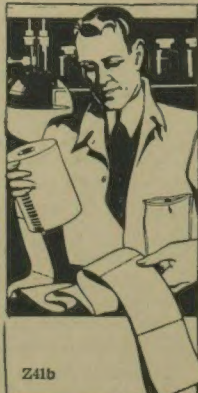
By R. S. HOOPER.

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~ 1910 ~



~ 1906 ~

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Ladies! *Why* will you do it! *How* do you do it? You are, in the words of the latest 1930 song, ab-sol-ute-ly, terribly wonderful."

* * * *

"And if you giddy young people of 1930 think that the 'nineties could not be naughty, much less the 'eighties of which I now speak, let me tell you that grandmama often wore her arms bare to the shoulder—in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, naked. Her corsage was fearfully low, "pulled to shape" and frilled . . ." *It is a most intriguing story.*

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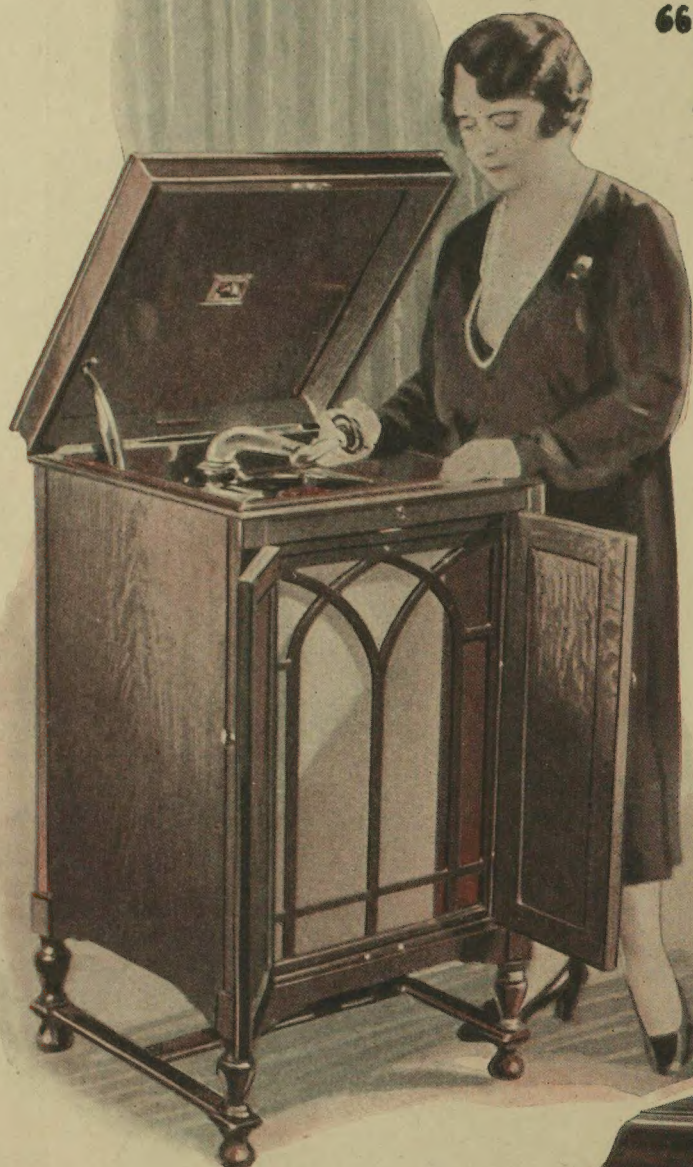


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